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HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor

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SMETHPORT WINS TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP

Hamlin and Newman Win out in the Doubles.

THE CUP IS THEIRS PERMANENTLY.

It was a Brilliant Victory for Our Clever Players Against an Up-hill Contest—They Meet Defeat at Home this Week in Friendly Match.

Paul D. Hamlin and Edmund T. Newman again this year distinguished themselves and won more glory for Smethport by winning out in the doubles in the Northwestern Pennsylvania Tennis tournament held at Franklin last week. The Franklin Evening News of last Thursday published the pictures of these gentlemen together with the following: For the second year in succession, the doubles championship in the Northwestern Tennis Association goes to Ned Newman and P. D. Hamlin, of Smethport, who this forenoon defeated E. E. Lane and C. R. Armstrong, of Bellefonte, in the finals. The cup becomes the permanent property of the Smethport pair.

The final in doubles was a fitting climax to the tournament. The match was not the walk-away for Newman and Hamlin that many persons supposed it would be, for the Bellefonte boys put up a strong game. In fact it looked once or twice as if they would win the match. Newman and Hamlin started in by winning the first set, 6-1, and getting four games to one in the second set. Although the Bellefonte boys were meeting their opponents' work, the spectators could only see one result to the match. Just then Lane and Armstrong started in and did some fine work, outplaying their opponents during the remainder of the set. They never stopped until they made the games four all. Then it was five all and Lane and Armstrong won the set by taking the next two games.

Lane and Armstrong started out by taking the first game on the third set and the wise ones who had picked Newman and Hamlin began to shake their heads doubtfully. But the Smethport pair were not beaten by any means. They braced up and took the next four games and the set was not in doubt after that. They also took the fourth set, though they had to extend themselves at times.

Superior team work won for Newman and Hamlin. They have played together a great deal and one knows the other's game. There were times however, that Lane and Armstrong completely outshone them in individual work. Both had an effective lawford that won them point after point, while Lane's net work was splendid.

Lane and Armstrong, by getting in the finals get the runner-up cup which is their permanent property.

"Ted" Newman also made a good showing for the singles cup and had it not been for the fact that he was worked most too hard in both doubles and singles he probably would have taken away that trophy. "Jerry" Newman, a former Smethport boy played with the Lock Haven team and was defeated in the finals of the singles by E. E. Lane of Bellefonte.

Following are the results of singles and doubles participated in by Smethport players, as given in the dispatches:

E. T. Newman and P. D. Hamlin of Smethport, defeated R. S. Quigley and L. M. Hayes of Lock Haven, 6-2, 6-3.

E. T. Newman of Smethport, defeated Ervin Armstrong of Lock Haven, 4-6, 8-6, 6-4.

E. T. Newman and P. D. Hamlin of Smethport defeated C. A. Risdon and H. A. Campbell of Kane 6-0, 6-2.

E. T. Newman and P. D. Hamlin of Smethport defeated Jerry Newman and Irvin Armstrong of Lock Haven 6-2, 6-2.

E. T. Newman of Smethport defeated W. M. Black of St. Marys 6-2, 6-3.

The playing of E. E. Lane of Bellefonte, in the semi-finals in the championship singles was the feature of the third day of the tournament of the Northwestern Tennis association. He defeated E. T. Newman of Smethport, who was considered the most likely winner of the championship. Experts at the tournament said the tennis world would some day hear from Lane, who is a mere lad.

The cup winners are as follows:

Doubles—E. T. Newman and P. D. Hamlin, of Smethport.

Singles—E. E. Lane, of Bellefonte.

Runners-up in doubles—E. E. Lane and C. R. Armstrong, of Bellefonte.

Runner-up in singles—Jerry Newman, of Lock Haven.

Consolation doubles—Wellington Weller and R. Thompson, of Oil City.

Consolation singles—L. G. Hall, of Ridgway.

Although Hamlin and Newman are the undisputed champions of Northwestern Pennsylvania, they were very cleverly taken into camp by two of our local players last Saturday afternoon on the new court in the rear of the Hamlin & Forrest office. Harvey MacQuistion, who has been playing some tennis in fast company this year, and Scott F. Redfield took them on and trimmed them up to the tune of 3 to 1 sets and on Tuesday they repeated the dose 2 to 1. By the way MacQuistion is said to be one of the ten best tennis players in the United States so it is no discredit.

NEW HOSE BROKE.

Two Lengths of New Hose Recently Purchased by Borough Break Under Ordinary Pressure.

The new fire hose recently purchased by the borough from the Eureka Fire Hose Co., made a most miserable showing last Friday evening when two lengths of the 2,500 hundred feet of the new fire fighting material broke under ordinary pressure. This hose has been satisfactorily tested on several previous occasions and the showing made Friday night was quite a disappointment.

A representative of the Pennsylvania Underwriters was in town Friday for the purpose of examining Smethport's fire fighting equipment. In the evening the fire engine was taken to the dike and two lengths of hose attached to it. Water had not been turned on long when one of the lengths broke. The water was turned off and a new length substituted for the broken one. Another stream was added and the water again turned on when one of the length of the second stream burst. There had not been over 80 pounds pressure of water in either hose during any of the time and no reason can be assigned for the breaks, although it is said that one of the lengths had laid on a sharp edged stone in the road and the friction caused by the jerking of the hose might have been in some way responsible for its breaking.

This hose was guaranteed for one year and the borough will probably compel the company from which it was purchased to make good. Hose that is liable to break at any time during a fire is not much use.

YOUNG MAN KILLED.

Was Struck by B., R. & P. Train Near Lewis Run last Friday Morning.

Saturday's Bradford Era says: Edward E. Sheldon, of East Leon, Cattaraugus county, N. Y., was fatally injured by being struck by the northbound B., R. & P. train due in this city from Pittsburg at 2:01 a. m. yesterday. He was 21 years of age.

Young Sheldon came to Bradford Thursday with the Cattaraugus firemen. How he happened to be on the tracks of the B., R. & P. railroad near Lewis Run may never be known. His friends think it possible he boarded the midnight express and finding he was on the wrong train, got off at Bingham, the first stop south of Bradford, and started to walk back to Bradford.

He was sitting on the track apparently asleep when the engineer of the 2 o'clock train saw him, too late to stop before the pilot struck him and hurled him in to the ditch. The train was stopped and the unconscious man was brought to the Bradford station and conveyed to the hospital in an ambulance. He died about an hour after the accident.

The remains were taken in charge by Undertaker Still and removed to the undertaking rooms and prepared for burial. Relatives were notified.

Last evening Henry A. Sheldon and Albert Sheldon, father and brother of the dead man, respectively, arrived in the city and arranged to have the body shipped to Dayton, N. Y., this morning at 2:10 o'clock on the Erie railroad.

Deceased was a well known young man, both in Cattaraugus county and in Bradford, where he resided for a few months at one time. He is survived by his parents and one brother, Albert.

Sheldon got on the midnight B., R. & P. train with the Smethport delegation by mistake and when the train reached Bingham it was stopped and the young man was let off and informed that he could catch the next train from the opposite direction, the one he wanted, at that station. Sheldon probably grew tired of waiting and started to walk back into Bradford and sat down to rest on the track and fell asleep. He chatted with several of those on the train and was a young man of pleasing appearance.

AGED MAN FALLS AND BREAKS HIP.

Oliver Irons Fell Off Porch With Above Result.

HE IS AGED ABOUT 80 YEARS.

Accident Happened Friday and From That Time Until Sunday Was Without Medical Attendance—Will Recover.

Oliver Irons, who resides on his farm on Barney Brook, near this borough, met with a serious accident at his home last Friday afternoon.

Mr. Irons, who is 80 years of age, had been in Smethport during the day, Friday, in company with George Barrett and a man named Bigelow who are employed by and live with him on the farm. They returned home in the afternoon and soon after the aged man fell from the porch of the house. He was at once picked up by his companions and carried into the house and placed in bed. The other men did not realize that Mr. Irons was badly injured and he laid in his bed without his clothes being removed for nearly 40 hours.

Sunday morning it was discovered that his condition was serious and medical aid was summoned. Dr. Chadwick visited the home at once and discovered that the patient was indeed in need of his services, his right hip being broken, besides having suffered another minor accident. The doctor set the fractured member and made the patient as comfortable as possible. Mr. Irons was at once taken to the home of Wilbur Irons, a son who resides in Comes hollow, where he is receiving fine care and is doing nicely.

Although the advanced age of the patient makes the accident a most severe one, it is thought that he will recover, as he is one of the hardiest old gentlemen in this section. Considering the way the old man laid without assistance after the accident it is most remarkable case.

A BIG FEATURE.

Firemen's Day at the Fair Will Be a Most Interesting Event.

The fire engine was taken to the fair grounds yesterday afternoon for the purpose of finding out whether or not sufficient water could be obtained there to supply the engine for an exhibition to be given Fireman's Day at the Fair.

The engine was attached to the large water tank at the grounds, which is supplied with water by the pumps at the chemical works, and was put in operation. The result was most satisfactory it being found that two fine streams could be secured from the water supply at hand, and the fire engine exhibition will surely form part of the program for Firemen's Day.

A structure will be erected near the judges stand which will be set on fire and after an exhibition run the engine will be placed in operation immediately in front of the grand stand and will be fed from a large pipe leading from the tank. At least two lines of hose will be laid while Smethport's other fire fighting apparatus will also be brought into play and the local fire department will give a practical exhibition of fire fighting. The exhibition will be a most interesting one.

The fair management are negotiating with the La France Fire Engine Co., of whom this engine was purchased and it is very probable that this company will take a hand in making this feature of the Fair program a success. Chances are also good, it is understood, for this company having a big display of modern fire fighting apparatus at the fair this year.

Fire companies from surrounding towns will be invited to attend Firemen's Day, which will be held on Friday the last day of the Fair, and many will probably attend. The balance of the program for this day will be arranged later.

Did You Get Yours?

The distribution of the 1909 Premium List for the Great McKean County Fair and Races is about completed. No attempt has been made to distribute them in this borough or in East Smethport, but a supply has been left at—Hamlin Bank, Grange Bank, the drug stores of A. B. Armstrong, F. A. McCoy, Barg Chadwick, H. C. Wells and J. W. Voorhees.

You are requested to call and get one, or address the secretary, Guy McCoy.

M. L. CHURCH DEAD.

Former Smethport Business Man Died in Ellenton, Pa.

This community was shocked last Thursday evening when the startling intelligence was received that M. L. Church, a former well-known resident of this borough had passed away at Ellenton, near Williamsport, Pa., that evening at 5 o'clock. The cause of his death was tuberculosis.

Mr. Church was born in Erie county, this state, in 1850 and would have been sixty years of age next February. In early manhood he was united in marriage to Amelia Guyer, the fruits of this union being two children, Edna and Charles. He followed the oil excitement to this county in the 80's and located at Rew City. In 1891 Mr. Church moved his estimable family to Smethport.

On coming to this place Mr. Church associated himself with A. T. Palmer in the livery business, under the firm name of Palmer & Church. Eventually he, in conjunction with E. W. Jones, purchased the meat market of G. W. Williams and the firm Jones & Church was soon numbered among Smethport's most reliable business firms. After a residence here of about 10 years Mr. Church disposed of his business interests and in 1901 moved to Titusville, Pa., where he accepted a responsible position in the oil and gas business. Mr. Church and his family resided in Titusville several years when owing to Mr. Church's duties calling him to so many different points, it was deemed advisable to give up the permanent residence and store their household effects.

Mr. Church was located at Mt. Savage, Md., when he was taken ill about seven weeks ago. He came to Williamsport and entered a sanitarium there. About a week before his death he went to Ellenton where it was hoped that the higher altitude would benefit his condition, but these hopes were in vain.

Mr. Church was of a true type of manhood. He was one of those quiet mannered men who not only made friends on every hand but retained them, and was one of Smethport's most reliable business men and respected citizens. He was of most substantial make-up and was a man who inspired the confidence of all who came in contact with him.

He is survived by his widow, one daughter, Miss Edna, who is at present located in Williamsport, one son, Charles, of Mt. Savage, Md., two sisters, Miss Church and Mrs. Conley, and his aged mother, all of whom reside in Oklahoma.

The MINER will unite with the entire community in tendering sincere condolence to the stricken family on this sad occasion.

The body of Mr. Church arrived in Smethport from Williamsport Saturday on the 11:35 a. m. train on the K. & S. It was met by the Smethport lodge I. O. O. F., of which the deceased was a member, and a large number of friends. The remains were taken from the train to Rose Hill cemetery where, after services at which Rev. W. A. Harris of the M. E. church officiated and which the Odd Fellows had charge of, they were lowered to their final resting place.

Besides the widow and children, Dr. Brown of Williamsport accompanied the body to this place.

Oil Tanks Struck by Lightening.

A special to the Era on Monday from Knapp's Creek says: A violent electrical storm accompanied by hail and rain visited this section this afternoon causing considerable damage. Lightning struck and fired a tank of oil containing 250 barrels of oil near State Line. It was the property of Mott & Co.

A 80 barrel tank of oil was burned on the A. Stephens' lease in the Four Mile district.

Worner & Pennell lost a 100 barrel tank, partly filled, in the Oil Valley district.

A tank containing oil near Rock City the property of A. F. Bannon, was also struck by lightning and destroyed. There were other losses in the vicinity.

High School Field Day.

The Smethport High School is making preparations to get its track team together for the coming High School field day at the Fair. It is understood that E. T. Newman will again coach the boys this year. There is some good material for a winning team and with Mr. Newman as coach Smethport's chances for again being victorius at the meet this year will be exceedingly bright. All the teams that contested in last year's meet will participate this year. Bradford may also enter a team this year, although it is not a member of the High School Athletic Association of this county it is not thought that any objection will be raised to their contesting.

ARE YOU GOING TO BE IN ATTENDANCE?

Big Preparations Are Being Made for the Very Greatest

McKEAN COUNTY FAIR & RACES.

All the Attractions Will Be Away Ahead of Previous Fairs and an Automobile Will Be Given Away to Somebody—Buy a Season Ticket.

The question that everybody throughout the county seems to be asking his neighbor at the present time is: Are you going to attend the Great McKean County Fair and Races to be held at Smethport on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, September 21, 22, 23 and 24? And the answer in practically every instance is: I certainly am.

There is a reason for this—in fact there are many reasons why the whole county should turn out and see this great exhibition of live stock and farm produce.

The first and perhaps the best reason is that you can see more real good things, get more valuable information, and have a better time for a little money than any other vacation you can take. If you live on a farm or in a town or city you and your family needs at least one short vacation each year, and the time to take it is in September—in fact the 21st to the 24th is the exact time—and the place is at the McKean County Fair—and, if you are looking for the girl, you will find her there. More than one pretty romance has started within these gates.

Another reason is that this year the fair is going to be bigger and better than ever. Secretary McCoy reports that many horse owners have already asked for entry blanks and information regarding the race meet and that the midway people are also making inquiries for space. This shows that there will be plenty of attractions to amuse all and that the racing will be fully up to the standard.

The fact that the Fair Association is going to give away an automobile absolutely free to some one who buys a season ticket is creating a great deal of interest and everybody will want to be in on that. Do not hesitate about buying a season ticket, for whether you get the automobile or not you never will regret the dollar spent. We will tell you more about this auto next week.

The horse barns which were blown down are being rebuilt, the buildings are being repainted and the track is being put in first-class shape. This will put the grounds and buildings in better condition than ever and if necessary temporary buildings will be erected to take care of the increased exhibits of stock and produce. It is the aim of the managers to make this one of the very best fairs in the state and just because last year was a great success they are content by resting on past laurels but will use every effort to make this Fair a greater success.

Our one best tip is—Come.

WILL MOVE FACTORY.

Frank Reynolds Decides on New Location for His Cut Glass Plant.

Port Allegany is to have a cut glass plant by the first of September, if the work of installing the machinery can be completed by that time. Mr. Reynolds of Smethport, who has been connected with the cut glass plant at that place, but recently sold out his connection, has rented the old Argus building on Main street, and is busy having alterations made in the building, the partition torn out, more windows added, and the machinery installed. It is expected that everything will be in readiness for work by the first of September. At first five or six men will be employed, and later it is expected to increase the force to at least eighteen men. The plant will be a valuable addition to Port's present industries.—Port Allegany Argus

This move on the part of Mr. Reynolds came rather as a surprise. He had made extensive alterations at the house owned by Frank McCarty on East street and had machinery here for the purpose of starting a small cut glass plant and intended to begin operations this month. It is understood that Port Allegany extended some liberal inducements to land this industry. It is also understood that Mr. Reynolds intends moving his family to Port in about a month.

BRADFORD OLD HOME WEEK.

It Ended Last Saturday Night and was a Grand Success.

The Old Home Week celebration in Bradford came to a close in a most befitting manner last Saturday night. After the various committees had made a parade about the city and several addresses had been made at the city hall, the lights were turned out at a given signal and at 1 a.m. Sunday morning the city presented a most meek appearance, but the after effects of one howling big week were plainly visible.

Thursday, Firemen's day, was probably the biggest day of the week, all trains coming into the city that day being crowded. The parade was a grand success, a number of fire companies from towns in this section participating. The Smethport Fire Department, 24 strong, accompanied by the I. O. O. F. band of 15 pieces were in attendance. About 250 tickets were sold for Bradford that day over the Kushequa R. R. The Smethport delegation returned home about 2 a. m. Friday morning and all were well satisfied with their day's outing. The Smethport fire fighters and band certainly made good on this occasion.

Friday, labor day, was observed by a parade of labor unions in the afternoon and one of oil well workers in the evening.

Saturday, an automobile parade in the afternoon was the feature.

Bradford always entertains with a lavish hand and last week was no exception to the general rule.

A QUIET WEDDING.

Bradford Couple United in Marriage in this Borough Friday.

The dim room of the county jail was the scene of a pretty home wedding Friday, Aug. 13. On that day Louise Pascale and Mrs. Mary D'Vora, both of Bradford, became man and wife. The groom is 25 and the bride 45 years of age, but they did not seem to mind the difference in years between them any more than they did the iron bars of the county jail.

Justice of the Peace A. W. Colegrove officiated at this ceremony and it is said that he acquitted himself in a manner most becoming.

Stated Pascale came to Smethport about three weeks ago and has made his quarters at the jail ever since. It is said that the bride wished to take her husband back to Bradford with her at the conclusion of the ceremony, but Louise had a pressing engagement at the next term of criminal court, after which he probably will be able to enjoy his belated honeymoon.

GOT FAIR WELL.

The Glenn Co. Drilled In Their Well on Jones' Farm Last Night.

The well being put down by the Glenn Oil Co. on the Jones farm almost opposite the County Home buildings was drilled in shortly after midnight last night at a depth of 1770 feet, and made a showing of oil and gas. Gas was found in the Kane, Bradford and Haskell sands. Oil was found in the latter sand. The well will be good for about 100,000 feet of gas per day besides some oil after being shot. It will probably be a paying venture. The well will be shot to-morrow. Cunningham and Co. did the drilling on the well.

Moody Family Reunion.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind,
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of Auld Lang Syne.

The gathering of the family at Coryville grove on August eleventh forcibly brought to mind the familiar words of Burns, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot," certainly not; if one is fortunate enough to be invited to the annual reunion of this family. About 150 people were welcomed by the older members and a delightful visit and a fine dinner, which was served at two long tables, was thoroughly enjoyed.

Badges were worn by the second, third and fourth generations. After luncheon, music, recitations and reminiscences were given from the platform. D. C. Young, an old friend and neighbor recalled many happy days of the long ago. Mr. Gilbert Moody spoke of his mother, who, had she lived until this anniversary, would have been 100 years old. There were six of the 16 children of Mr. and Mrs. Nehemiah Moody present as follows: Mrs. Laura Miller, Mrs. Amelia Frisbee, Mrs. Elizabeth Wright, Mr. Gilbert Moody, Mrs. Grace Campbell and Mrs. Matilda Slack.

The party adjourned to meet again at the same place, Coryville grove, Aug. 11, 1910.

Four furnished rooms to let.
Mrs. M. A. Knapp.

BILLY THE BORE.

He Was Very Different From the Poet and the Halfback.

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

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There was no denying that Billy was not deeply intellectual. He was tall and blond, with broad shoulders and a smile that was like sunshine on a gloomy day. But among the girls of the college these qualities counted for little, for they worshiped at the shrine of the poet and of the halfback. The poet had long hair, and so had the halfback, but otherwise they had nothing in common except that they both loved Dulcie Drayton.

Billy loved Dulcie too. But he hadn't half a chance, for the poet wrote sonnets to Dulcie's eyebrows, and the halfback let her shine in his reflected football glory.

Now and then she consented to make Billy happy. "Yes, I will walk with you," she told him graciously one October day, "only we mustn't go very far, for I have an engagement with the halfback."

"All right," said Billy and promptly forgot his watch.

The halfback was raging when they finally reached Dulcie's home. "We have missed the game," he said. "Of course if I had been playing I couldn't have waited; but, as it is, I have hung around."

"Billy forgot his watch," Dulcie apologized, "and we didn't realize how late it was."

"I should think he would bore you to death," the halfback said when Billy had left them. "How can you stand that fellow?"

"He's not bad," Dulcie defended. "Of course he hasn't such an awful lot of brains and he hasn't done such wonderful things as you have, but he's got an awfully good disposition."

And the halfback, remembering his own [illegible] and [illegible], said "Oh, well!" [illegible] and wondered [illegible] at him.

A few [illegible] the poet took Dulcie [illegible] Billy. "You danced [illegible] last night [illegible] you to [illegible] tory [illegible] Dulcie [illegible] dedicated to you."

"Read it [illegible]," said Dulcie. "I'd love to hear it."

[illegible] poet fretted, "not because of the campus but last night there was a little moon, and there were red roses on the lattice."

"Billy is an awfully good dancer," Dulcie [illegible], which, as the poet generally got tangled up even in a twostep, was not tactful.

For several days after that, however, the rivalry between the poet and the halfback was so intense that Billy was left completely in the background.

The poet sat up half the night writing verses, and the theme was "love, love, love," and he claimed every spare moment of Dulcie's time to read them to her.

"He writes about my hair," she told Billy, "and calls it 'soft spun silk shimmering in the sunshine.'"

"I don't see the use of stringing out a lot of shimmering sunshine sentences when your hair is too beautiful to be described," said Billy bluntly.

Dulcie smiled up at him. "After all, I like the way you put it, Billy," she said, "and I'm glad you like the color of my hair."

"I love it," Billy stated, "and I love you, Dulcie."

"Oh, oh, you mustn't!" Dulcie protested.

"Well, not now, if you don't want me to, but I shall tell you again, Dulcie," Billy answered.

"And he will," Dulcie told her most intimate friend that night. "He will ask me over and over again."

"Well, of course you couldn't marry him," said the intimate friend calmly. "not such a bore."

"I am not sure that Billy deserves that nickname," said Dulcie. "He doesn't talk moonshine like the poet or brag of himself like the halfback, but he does say some nice, sensible, good hearted things, and he has a lovely smile."

The intimate friend sat up and looked at her. "Well, of all things," she said; "I believe you are half in love with him. How you can think of him when you have the choice of two such men as the poet and the halfback is more than I can understand."

"But are they really in love with me?" Dulcie demanded.

"They have asked you to marry them, haven't they?" Marion asked.

"Yes. But somehow it seems to me that they are always thinking of themselves. But Billy thinks of me."

"Oh," Marion said softly, "I know what you mean. If you married the poet or the halfback you would have to worship at their shrines, while Billy would worship at yours."

"Yes," said Dulcie, "that's it, and a man who loves you that way can't exactly bore you, can he?"

"No, he can't," said Marion, "but of course you can never tell how long it will last."

"Sometimes I have thought I should like to put them to a test, as ladies did with the knights of old," Dulcie meditated.

"But what test," Marion demanded, "could you have in modern days?"

"In the old times it was a test of strength and skill," Dulcie stated, "but today there is one god, Marion—money. You know I have a lot in my own right. And the boys know it, all of them, the poet and the halfback and Billy. Perhaps that is what makes me the most popular girl in school—my money, not just me myself."

"You are a darling," Marion encouraged her, "but you know how men are."

"Yes, I do," Dulcie agreed. And they then and there constructed a plot.

The next night the poet, lingering in the shadow of the elms, was met by Marion. When they had talked for a moment she said, "Isn't it sad about Dulcie Drayton."

"Sad?" the poet echoed.

"Oh, didn't she tell you?" Marion hesitated. "Then I ought not to."

But the poet urged her.

"Well, she has lost all of her money," Marion said. "I am her roommate, and I saw the letter. But please don't speak of it."

"Of course not," said the poet.

But that night he wrote many verses, and in all of them was a note of renunciation, and the next day he gave them to Dulcie. "They are very sad," he explained, "but I have come to believe that a genius should not marry. Only in the sadness of solitude can talent be developed. I must give you up, my Dulcie."

"I am not your Dulcie," the girl started, with a little flame in her cheeks.

She did not reproach him. What was the use of reproaching such a feeble thing as the poet? But when Marion had told the halfback the same tale and he had without compunction broken an engagement with Dulcie, giving as an excuse "I am going to cut out dances for awhile—and girls," she allowed herself the luxury of a retort.

"Then you won't miss me when I go away," she said pointedly.

"Go away?" he questioned.

"Yes. You see, I am eighteen tomorrow, and my money will be my own to use as I please, and I have so many plans"—

"But," the halfback gasped, "I thought you had lost your money!" He stopped, red to the ears.

"So did the poet," said Dulcie. "Marion told both of you some kind of tale, and both of you believed it."

"That wasn't the reason," the halfback excused.

Dulcie stopped him sternly. "Yes, it was. That was why you gave up girls—that was why you gave up me!" And she left him abruptly.

"I am half afraid to have you tell Billy," she told Marion that night. "If he should fail me"—

But Billy when he heard the news came straight to her.

"Marion has told me," he said simply. "I haven't much, Dulcie, but I love you, and I want you to marry me at once if you will."

Dulcie laid her hand on his arm. "Billy," she said, "I am not poor. I put you and the poet and the halfback to a test, and only you stood it. You are the knight of the true heart, and I love you."

After Billy had kissed her rapturously he asked, "Are you sure I won't bore you, Dulcie?"

"If you knew how I hated the poet's poems and the halfback's boasting you wouldn't ask such a silly question, Billy," she replied.

Hospital "Boarders."

"There is a class which gives every hospital in the city a whole lot of trouble, especially in the winter time," said a member of the faculty of the Pennsylvania hospital. "It is made up of what we call 'steady boarders,' meaning men who have no homes, who are too lazy to work and who feign illness in order to secure a comfortable bed and good food for a week or so at a time. However, we have devised a scheme which is quite effective in driving them away. When one of these boarders arrives on the scene we can usually spot him. We know the earmarks of the species. He is taken into the receiving ward, solemnly undressed and laid upon the operating table, where a fake examination takes place. The trouble is finally located in the spine, and an immediate operation is advised. The patient writhes, protesting that he feels much better, but is not permitted to leave. Meanwhile a piece of ice has been sharpened to a point and suddenly, without warning, the ice is drawn down the boarder's back. With a yell he is off the table, out of the room and out of the building. We throw his clothes out after him, and he never comes back."—Philadelphia Record.

For Boots or Bedding?

His car had broken down. It was 10 o'clock at night. The rain was beginning to drizzle. Dash it, bust it and likewise blow it!

There was an inn near by. It was only just an inn, but it was an inn. The landlord growled when he asked for a room, but at last conceded it. They put his motor in the garage among the mangel wurzels.

He didn't have any supper. He just looked at it. Then he went up to bed.

A minute later he was leaning over the banisters.

"Landlord!" he yelled. "Landlord! Do you think I'm going to clean my own boots?"

"What's up?" called back mine surly host.

"What's up? Why, what's that boot [illegible] on my bed for?"

"[illegible]!" roared back the landlord. "That's not a polishin' pad, young feller. That's the pillow!"—London [illegible].

Reason Enough.

Teacher—Tommy, you should comb your hair before you come to school. Tommy—Ain't got no comb. Teacher—Then borrow your father's. Tommy—Father ain't got no comb neither. Teacher—Absurd! Doesn't he comb his hair? Tommy—He ain't got no hair!—Lippincott's.

Camper's Unique Bag.

Common twenty-five cent grain sacks make good duffle bags for campers. They should not be tied at the mouth when ready for shipment, but sewed shut. This method is a damper to curiosity and pilfering. These sacks serve many uses in camps. They take the place of and are better than baskets for carrying provisions, etc. Stuffed with browse, they make a good pillow, long enough for two. They make good sleeping bags also, for, after wrapping up in a blanket, pull a bag over your feet and you can roll from side to side without losing covers. One of these bags can be made into an easy chair very nicely as follows: Sharpen two poles at one end and tie them together loosely at the other end. Plant the sharp ends in the ground, three feet apart, and lean the roped ends against a tree. Lash each corner of the bag to the poles with cords at a comfortable elevation. Tie pebbles in each corner to keep the cords from slipping. If you don't make a chair sit on a folded bag alone—sit on the ground.—Recreation.

The First English Bible.

The first complete Bible printed in English was issued in 1535 without any publisher's name on it. It was the work of Miles Coverdale, who incorporated, with revisions, Tyndale's books of the New Testament, of the Pentateuch and of Jonah and for the rest translated from German and Latin versions. It was thus only partly original and in that part just a translation of a translation. No perfect copy of this Bible is known to exist.

Coverdale's Bible is called both "the treacle Bible" and "the bug Bible" from two curious renderings. The passage in Jeremiah which we now read, "Is there no balm in Gilead?" is rendered, "Is there no more treacle in Galaad?" And in the Psalms, "Thou shalt not be afraid of the terrors by night," reads "Thou shalt not nede to be afrayed for eny bugges by night." In the Ninth Psalm, "Put them in fear, O Lord!" is rendered by Coverdale as "Set a schoolmaster over them."

Undue Haste.

Nobody [illegible] Dennis appreciated to the full the excellent qualities of Celia his wife but he occasionally indulged in a sigh for the liberty of his years of single blessedness. "Yis, 'tis a good wife she makes me," he said to a returned traveler, during whose absence the wedding had occurred. "And we was courting siventeen years. Aileen an' all o' the rest said 'twas time I married or Terry Leahy would be gettin' the Celia away from me."

"Well, man, you're not regretting it, I hope?" said the friend, who had just enjoyed a [illegible] supper at the hands of Celia. "She's a fine woman."

"Didn't I tell you that?" said Dennis impatiently. "The only thought I iver have is [illegible] awhile whin it comes over me that I might 've waited another year or two. [illegible] Terry was not near so high in her estimation, after all, as thim women made out to me."

"A man in love is always hurrying, hurrying, ye mind!"—Youth's Companion.

Prevaricating Figures.

Those to whom the mathematical mind has not been given will appreciate the fun an Irishwoman, Mrs. La Touche of Harristown, has with figures in "The Letters of a Noble Woman."

"I do hate sums," Mrs. La Touche confesses to a friend. "There is no greater mistake than to call arithmetic an exact science. There are permutations and aberrations discernible to minds entirely noble like mine, subtle variations which ordinary accountants fail to discover, hidden laws of numbers which it requires a mind like mine to perceive.

"For instance, if you add a sum from the bottom up and then again from the top down, the result is always different."

Enough to Scare Any One.

While out walking with her papa and mamma one day Florence, aged four, ran some little distance ahead. As she got near a mule hitched to a farmer's wagon the animal began to bray. She wheeled instantly and, running to her mother as fast as she could go, said in round eyed astonishment, "Oh, mamma, sumthin' said sumthin'!"—Delineator.

A Mean Revenge.

"You seem to be considerably elated over something."

"Yes. I have a friend who is almost stone deaf. I took him out home with me last night, and my wife had to sit there all the evening and merely nod and smile while he talked."—Chicago Record-Herald.

She Knew Him.

George (dramatically)—You have decided that I must give her up? Farewell, then, mother! There is nothing left for me but to go out and destroy myself! Mother—Goodby! Not a minute later than 6 for dinner, George!

A Foible.

"Father," said little Rollo, "what is a foible?"

"A foible, my son, is something somebody else is interested in and you're not."—Washington Star.

His Means of Support.

Magistrate—Have you any visible means of support? Prisoner—Yes, yer wushup. (To his wife, a laundress) Hennar, stand up so's the court can see yer.—Throne and Country.

Don't try to drown your troubles in the flowing bowl. Troubles are expert swimmers.—New York Life.

LUMBER

OF ALL KINDS

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Secret? that so few have. It's a combination of talents especially profitable to the person of limited capital.

Knowing how to select qualities—judging values—spending just enough—getting what you need—saving here and there, without [illegible] —it's a long story.

AT THIS SEASON

when so many chances are taken—[illegible] to be made—at random almost—we put it against the [illegible] [illegible] of the buyer [illegible] [illegible] If you buy what you don't want, bring it back and get your money.

NOW THIS STORE

is full of Men's Wear [illegible] [illegible] for everybody.

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[illegible]

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[illegible]

[illegible]

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Now and again you see two women passing down the street who look like sisters. You are astonished to learn that they are mother and daughter, and you realize that a woman at forty or forty-five ought to be at her finest and fairest. Why isn't it so?

The general health of woman is so intimately associated with the local health of the essentially feminine organs that there can be no red cheeks and round form where there is female weakness.

Women who have suffered from this trouble have found prompt relief and cure in the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It gives vigor and vitality to the organs of womanhood. It clears the complexion, brightens the eyes and reddens the cheeks.

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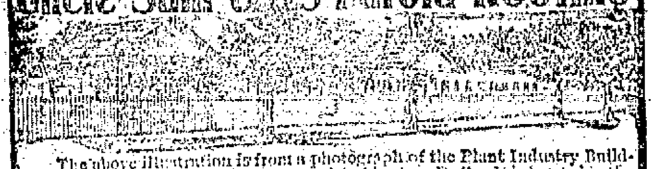

The above illustration is from a photograph of the Plant Industry Building, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. It is located in the heart of the city and is covered with PAROID ROOFING. The Government also uses PAROID for stables, barracks, warehouses, etc. It uses PAROID because it finds nothing as economical.

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J. C. HAMLIN

The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, August 19, 1909.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Mrs. D. M. Dunsmore is ill at home of her daughter, Mrs. A. E. Foster. She is improving however, at the present writing.

—Miss Marie Kessler, who has been confined to her home for the past two months with rheumatism is able to be out again.

—It would be a pretty good plan for our officer to take a stroll down to the east end of the pavement occasionally, especially on Saturday night.

—A factory is to be built near Coudersport, for the manufacture of Shatterite, a new explosive of which Coudersport parties own part of the patent rights.

—The management of the Kane Republican has purchased a new Babcock Standard newspaper press, similar to the one in the Miner office, and that paper has returned to its old size, eight six-column pages. We congratulate the Republican on having one of the best presses made to-day.

—The Troy Planing Mill on Barry street, Olean, was totally destroyed by fire Saturday night. The loss is estimated at about $22,000 with no insurance. The Lacy Livery and Transfer barn was also consumed with loss of about $7,000 and the Chamberlain House was damaged about $2,000. The origin of the fire is unknown.

—It has been discovered that the new Lincoln penny is five times as valuable, in one respect at least, as the old Indian-head cent. Being a trifle larger and heavier than the old one-cent piece, the new coin, it has been ascertained, to the exceeding discomfiture of the telephone companies will answer the place of a five-cent piece when making a call.

—Wilbur P. Cook of San Diego, Cal., on Wednesday sold through the Herrick Agency of Bolivar his residence property in Bolivar to George P. Bolender for $5,220. Mr. Cook who is a well known oil producer, has permanently located in California on account of his health.

—In reporting the breakdown of an engine on the B. L. & K. Railroad between Kane and Mt. Jewett last week, the Republican aptly remarks: "This incidence only tends to strengthen the arguments in favor of a trolley line between the two ports. It is bound to come, and the sooner the better."

—A block in the tank of the machine plant of the Consolidated Window Glass Company at Hazelhurst, gave way Wednesday evening with the result that a considerable quantity of molten glass was allowed to flow out. Fortunately the provisions for just such emergencies are of the best at the Hazelhurst plant, and the damage was but slight.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

—The Court of Appeals of Iowa has decided that a telephone company cannot deprive a man of service on its lines because he swears at the operators. A telephone, being a public service corporation, cannot make laws of its own, but must rely upon the acts of assembly. Nevertheless, it is not good form to cuss over the telephone, or over anything else, and the practice ought to be discouraged.—Ex.

—It is reported that the Goodyear Lumber Company are planning to erect a large band saw mill at Liberty, on the line of the Buffalo division, to manufacture the timber on Potato Creek, said to require eight years to cut. Our informant tells us that the mill will be larger than the Austin mill and will employ more men.—Emporium Press. It appears to us that if a new mill is to be erected to cut this tract of timber, it should be erected on Potato creek, and along the line of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

MAN'S ENEMIES.

The Small Foes Are the Most Deadly and Destructive.

In one of Herbert Wells' brilliant stories the terribly scientific and practically invincible Martians who have invaded the earth and conquered England are stopped in the midst of their victories and utterly destroyed by the attacks of microscopic foes. Infinitely small organisms, germs of diseases to which man has become in some degree immune, slay the wonderful warriors of a planet never invaded by these earth foes. What the greatest battleships and the heaviest guns could not do the unseen and unknown living seeds of death accomplish.

More clearly every day the world understands that in the life and affairs of mankind the most deadly and destructive foes are extremely small. All of the fierce mammals and poisonous serpents of Africa do not kill as many human beings in ten years as the tsetse fly slays in one. The tigers and cobras of India kill their thousands every year, but the rats which spread the germs of the bubonic plague destroy their tens of thousands. In this country the common housefly undoubtedly causes more deaths than all the venomous snakes, wild beasts, mad dogs, runaway horses and ill tempered bulls ten times over. The actual proportion is probably much higher than ten to one.—Cleveland Leader.

MAN AND MONKEY.

Difference Between the Human and Animal Method of Thought.

The difference between the animal and the human idea of what constitutes "knowing" comes out nicely in a piece of work done at Clark university—A. J. Kinnaman's study of rhesus monkeys, the Bandar-log of the "Jungle Book."

The monkey, following the usual procedure, learned to get his food from a box, the lid of which fastened with a key. The key, however, could not be withdrawn from the lock. After the monkey had become familiar with the device and could operate it as readily as a man could do the experimenter took the key out of the lock and laid it on the floor in front of the box. The monkey picked up the key, played with it, but made no attempt to use it. Then the experimenter took up the key and, fifty times in succession, with the monkey two feet away watching every motion, he unlocked the box. The monkey would have starved before he imitated that simple act. He had learned to open the box by making certain movements. He had no idea of the key as an instrument in the process. We sometimes think instruments and means and causes. The animal thinks largely motions.—E. T. Brewster in McClure's Magazine.

A Rare Opportunity.

When the circus came to Bushby the large attendance was a surprise to Squire Bemis, and he said so to William Hamlin, the postmaster.

"It is natural that men and children should wish to go," remarked the squire in his formal tone, "but I must confess to a feeling of amazement on hearing that the ladies of the town had flocked to see wild beasts and that young woman who leaps from one wire to another, with no regard for her personal safety."

"Tell you just how 'tis, squire," said Mr. Hamlin confidentially. "I don't think many of the women folks planned to go till Jed Potter came in here one mail time and told Miss Emma Bolles he understood the show was enough to scare anybody out of ten years' growth.

"Miss Emma's getting on, and you couldn't expect her to let a chance like that go—nor any of the other women now, could ye?"—Youth's Companion.

Keep Your Temper.

Which of all the domestic virtues is most essential to a happy married life? The ability to keep one's temper, beyond all question.

There is nothing which leads more to misery, not only for its possessor, but also for those about him, than an ungovernable and unreasonable temper. No one is worse to live with than an ill tempered man, except perhaps an ill tempered woman.

Bad tempered people completely spoil the lives of those who associate with them. The feeling of strain is ever present. One never knows just when the storm will break, although apparently the weather, metaphorically, is "set fair." Life in these circumstances becomes a burden almost beyond bearing.

Caught Her.

"I am looking for something nice for a young man," said the young and pretty shopper.

"Why don't you look in the mirror?" asked the gallant clerk.

And she was so flustered that he managed to sell her four different things that she did not want before she knew what she was doing.

Misgivings.

"That was a very lucid document you prepared," said the friend.

"Yes," answered the statesman dubiously. "I made it so lucid that I am afraid the public will fail to regard it as able and profound."—Washington Star.

A Reminder.

Mrs. B.—If I should die would you ever forget me? Mr. B.—I think not. The doctor said that I will suffer from dyspepsia all my life.—Kansas City Journal.

Refuse to worry and you have accomplished one of the greatest things in the world.—Atchison Globe.

BARNUM'S METHODS.

The Showman Always on the Alert For an Advertisement.

One morning the newspapers announced that grave fears were entertained for the safety of an agent of Barnum's big show who had gone to Africa to seek attractions for it in their native lairs. News had come, it was said, that he had last been heard from in a predicament from which escape was practically impossible. It was a very sad piece of business altogether.

Mr. Barnum was at a hotel in New York city at the time, and there a relative of the unfortunate agent found him entertaining a squad of reporters with a most interesting version of the African tragedy. The caller knew his man and waited patiently until the interviewers had departed. Then he anxiously asked for news.

"Oh, don't be worried," said the showman. "I've just got intelligence that he's safe and sound and will be back here in a few weeks."

"But he has a great many friends here," objected the visitor, "and this report of his death will cause them much sorrow."

Mr. Barnum looked solemn for an instant, and then he chuckled. "Well," he exclaimed cheerfully, "just think of this—they'll be all the happier when he gets back here alive."

SEA MONSTERS OF OLD.

The Marine Monster That Was Thought to Cause Tidal Waves.

The kraken was one of the sea monsters of old, and if all the stories told about its wondrous size and doings are true it overshadowed the serpent as much as the latter does the common garter snake. An old writer says that this marine giant caused tidal waves by swallowing a goodly part of the waters of the ocean and then belching them out again. He also makes mention of the fact that its gigantic horny beak was often mistaken for mountain peaks suddenly shoved into sight by the internal convulsions of the earth.

Bishop Pontoppidan, a truthful member of the Copenhagen Royal academy, is much more conservative in his estimates of its size, giving it as his opinion that they were seldom found more than "the half of an Italian mile in length and not larger in diameter than the cathedral at The Hague."

He also says that its body was frequently mistaken by sailors for an island, "so that people landed upon it and were engulfed in a maelstrom of water when the creature sank to its hidden ocean den." Other authorities testify that its beak from the eyes to the point "was longer than the mainmast of a man-of-war."

The Sewing Machine.

The invention of the sewing machine is one of the most interesting evolutionary romances in the history of human progress. Stone, Henderson and Greenough had experimented extensively with the double pincher idea, one to seize the needle below and one above. Heilmann used a double pointed needle, with the eye in the center, and Thimmonier and Ferrand had invented a chain stitch machine. In 1834 Walter Hunt originated the extension arm idea with a needle similar to the one now in general use, but before he applied for his patent in 1854 he had been forestalled by Elias Howe, who will always be known as the inventor of the sewing machine. If Hunt had not been so great a laggard he might have won fame as an inventor, but Howe is entitled to all the credit that has been given him. Like all great inventions, however, the sewing machine was the product of many minds.—New York Tribune.

Throwing the Shoe.

The peasants of southern France have the credit of originating the familiar custom of throwing an old shoe after the newly wedded pair. It was, moreover, the rejected suitor who first made it popular. The peasant bride is conducted by her friends to her new home, while the young husband is made to halt a couple of hundred yards from the house. If there is a rejected suitor he then arms himself with an old wooden shoe and flings it with his best aim at the bridegroom as he makes a dash for the house. When the shoe is thrown it is understood that the last feeling of ill will has been flung away with it.

An Easy One.

Billfuzz—If I had $3 and you asked me to lend you two, how much would I have left? Jubb—Oh, I know the answer to that. You would still have $3 left, granting it were possible that you ever had that much at one time, because you wouldn't lend me any. Ask me something probable.—Pathfinder.

One on Papa.

Caller—Harold, when you get to be the head of a family what will you say to your children when they are naughty? Harold—Oh, I'll do like papa. I'll tell them how good I was when I was a kid.—Chicago News.

Cheap Living.

She—I'm living on [illegible] bread and water to [illegible]. He—How [illegible] —Oh, [illegible] let's go [illegible]

R[illegible]

"Out of a [illegible] first girl. "Bess [illegible]

"No; I can't [illegible] sort of a wedding [illegible] is real swell?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Truly this world can go on without us, if we would but think so.—Longfellow.

How He Got Out of It.

"I finds you," said Brother Dickey as he entered the house of the lay member at the dinner hour—"I say, I finds you settin' down befo' one er de biggest dinners I ever seen, an' I wants ter ax you, plain an' simple, did you or did you not come by it honest?"

"Br'er Dickey," replied the lay member, "dis is one time in my life dat I is too full for utterance!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Wireless.

In all its purity,
Leaving no mark,
Out of obscurity
Only a spark
Flashed to futurity,
Cleaving the dark.

Lightning's celerity,
Swifter than wind,
Harnessed in verity,
Caught and confined,
Boon to posterity,
Help to mankind.

—Francis Livingston Montgomery in New York Life.

What Would You Do?

She has a saucy mouth,
And—well,
He can't be blamed because
He fell.
What do you s'pose that you
Would do
If she should put it up
To you?
—Princeton Tiger.

Between Innings.

The Client—I thought you left word in your office that you were out on important legal business.

The Counselor—Just so. This ball game seems to be highly important, and I can assure you that it is perfectly legal.—Houston Post.

No Hope.

Courage he has, but 'tis useless now;
He knows he has met his match.
The woman, strap hanging in front of him;
Is bound that his eye she'll catch.
—New York Telegram.

In Season.

The sad sea waves sweet matters teach—
This and that.
Their murmur now is of a peach
Basket hat.
—New York Herald.

Manuevers.

C. O.—Fix bayonets!

Sergeant Major—Beg pardon, sir, regiment's without bayonets. Orders from headquarters return all bayonets to store last week.

C. O.—Oh, yes, yes. My mistake. Unfix bayonets!—Punch.

Insult to Injury.

[illegible]

His Bad Break.

"Oh, yes, I saw the sea in the moonlight when I was a little [illegible]

"He must be pretty old by now, don't you think?" [illegible]—Exchange.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of sundry writs of Fieri Facias, Levaris Facias, Venditione Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed I will expose at public sale at the premises of J. A. Winsor, in Eldred and Ceres Townships, McKean county, Pa., on

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4th, 1909, at 10 o'clock a. m. the following pieces of property:

Defendant's interest in all those certain parcels of land situate in the Townships of Eldred (& Ceres), County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: First parcel. Beginning at a beech the southwest corner of land contracted to A. A. & A. F. Barden; thence east two hundred and seventy perches to a post the southwesterly corner of land contracted to Patrick Welch and William Toole, lot number 268, thence south thirty-seven perches to a post, the southwest corner of land contracted to A. T. & A. A. Barden, lot number 216, thence east seventy perches to the southeast corner of same, thence south by township line fifteen and six-tenths perches to a post the southwest corner of land contracted to Martin Welch, lot number 405 Ceres; thence east thirty-five perches to a post the northwest corner of land contracted to Michael Mulvany, lot number 441 Ceres; thence south eighty-seven perches to a hemlock corner of same; thence west thirty-four perches to a post the northwest corner of land contracted to A. A. Barden, lot number 425 Ceres; thence south nineteen perches to a post, the N. E. corner of land contracted S. A. Canfield, lot number 227; thence west one hundred and fifty perches to a post the southeast corner of land contracted to O. C. Moses & A. T. Barden, lot number 290; thence north eighty perches to a post, the northeast corner of same; thence west one hundred perches to a beech the northwest corner of the same; thence south sixty-four perches to a post the northeast corner of land contracted to S. A. Canfield, lot number 281; thence west fifty-seven perches to a post the northeast corner of same; thence north thirty-eight perches to a post corner; thence west thirty-four perches to a hemlock the southeast corner of land contracted to E. B. Percivil, lot number 280; thence north one hundred and six perches to the place of beginning, containing 276.1 acres, more or less, being Keating lot number 296, Eldred Township, and part of Warrants 6180, 2119 & and a warrant in the name of Allen Martin. Second parcel. Beginning at a post in the southeast corner of land of John Fobes, lot number 293; thence north fifty-seven & seven-tenths perches to a post the northeast corner of same; thence east forty eight perches to a post the southeast corner of land contracted to Miles F. Parshall, lot number 257; thence south fifty-seven & seven-tenths perches to a post the southwest corner of land contracted to Pat. Welch & William Toole, lot number 268; thence west forty-eight perches to the place of beginning; containing [illegible] acres, more or less, being Keating lot number [illegible] in Eldred Township and part of Warrant number [illegible] these two parcels being the same as conveyed to J. A. Winsor by T. C. [illegible] & wife by deed dated Oct. [illegible], and recorded in said McKean County in deed book number [illegible] at page [illegible], &c., to which reference is had. Third parcel. Beginning at a post the southwest corner of land contracted to W. O. & S. A. Canfield, lot number 227; thence east 124 perches to the southeast corner of lot number [illegible]

[illegible]

W. H. [illegible], Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., [illegible]

EARLY RISERS

The famous little pills.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St **F. H. Hungiville,** SMETHPORT

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's Fine TOBACCO FRUIT

NUTS and CONFECTIONERY.

McKean County Miner
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.
TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.
ADVERTISING RATES.
Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.
Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.
Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.
Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.
Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.
Address all communications to
HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday Aug. 19, 1909.

HARRY THAW will remain in Matteawan for some time to come. Judge Mills has decided that Thaw is dangerously insane and that he is not safe to have his liberty.

NEW JERSEY'S Federation of Labor recorded itself in favor of giving women a vote, demanded legislation favoring the warfare against tuberculosis and insisted upon better regulation to protect metal polishers from falling victims to the white plague.

A DISASTROUS earthquake occurred in Central Japan last Saturday. It is now believed that 1,500 persons were either killed by falling walls or drowned by the overflowing of the Hida River. Reports of the disaster are still meagre, and, as the affected territory is thickly populated it is not improbable that the deaths will reach an appalling number.

PRESIDENT TAFT is said to be developing into a very clever boxer under the training of Dr. Charles E. Barker. Dr. Barker says he does not expect to enter his big find in the championship class at present but he is making a great showing. The President tips the beam at 305 pounds, is 6 feet 1 inch tall and if it were not for his extra avoirdupois would have a remarkable reach.

A JOHNSTOWN man put money in a bank 12 years ago and left it there to accumulate interest and to be useful when needed. The bank failed, but the man did not know anything about the crash. He did not read newspapers. Recently he learned of the true state of affairs and tried to recover his money. He could not get back a cent and the shock of the experience killed him. Moral: Take a newspaper and read it. Be informed about the world's affairs.

NOT since the civil war, has Massachusetts seen a gathering of soldiers as has been assembled for the war game of this week. Defending Boston and attempting to repel the invasion of 9,000 men of the New York, New Jersey and Connecticut militia will be the 7,000 men of the Massachusetts militia augmented by three troops of regular cavalry from the Tenth regiment, now stationed at Fort Ethan Allen, Vt. The "fighting" probably will be confined to the counties of Bristol and Plymoth. The invaders will land their forces and attempt to fight their way through the State, but the defenders, assembled in Boston will be notified as soon as the other troops land and will march out to defend the city. The problem of defense will be engineered by Brigadier General William A. Pew, Jr., of the Massachusetts National Guard, while the invaders will be in command of Major General Trasker H. Bliss of the war college at washington. All told, about 20,000 will participate in the war game, which will be umpired by Major Gener Leonard Wood, U. S. A. A vast amount of property will be damaged, but adjusters will follow in the wake of both armies, paying off claims.

THERE are lively times just now down around Pittsburg where the strikers in the Pressed Steel Car works at McKeesport and their employers are battling for supremacy. A few days ago the Pressed Steel Car Company put an armed boat in commission to carry strike breakers to their shops and on Monday the strikers appeareb on the river with another armed boat and a minature naval battle was threatened. On Tuesday morning the Steel Queen, carrying a large force of company men, was steaming across the Ohio river toward the works, when a crowd of about 300 strikers on the bank opened fire on the boat while she was yet in midstream and the bullets, mostly from revolvers fell short but made a great splashing in the river and it was with difficulty that some of the clerks and stenographers were restrained from jumping overboard. So hot was the fire those running the boat decided not to venture into the bullet zone and they retired to the Allegheny side of the river while a score of mounted State constabulary rode down the strikers on the river banks and beating them with the butt ends of their guns forced them to retire. That afternoon a committee of strikers visited the United States authorities here calling attention to the fact that the boats being used by the company for transporting strike breakers carried no license for passenger traffice and they demanded that the fine of $500 provided for such offenses be enforced.

Destroying the Cabbage Worm.

A number of Pennsylvania cabbage growers wrote to Prof. H. A. Surface, the State Zoologist, for instructions in regard to destroying the cabbage worm which has become quite a serious pest of the cabbage crop. For the benfiet of all growers, State Zoologist Surface has given the following information:

"The cabbage worm is most easily destroyed by the use of an arsenical application. Most of our successful cabbage growers use about two pounds of arsenate of lead in fifty gallons of water, or one pound of Paris green in the same amount of water. The arsenate of lead sticks better than the Paris green, especially on cabbage leaves, and is to be preferred. The liquid bearing the poison should be blown well around the cabbage leaves with a good fine spray nozzle, applying it as a fine mist but not in drops. It sticks much better when put on in a fine mist than when poured on from a sprinkling can or otherwise applied in drops.

"If it be not convenient to apply the poison as a spray it can be mixed with thirty times its bulk of Paris green on air-slaked lime, and applied as a dust. The best results from this will come from making the application in the evening or in the morning while the dew is on. The use of arsenates in the dust or powder form is recommended, especially on small premises where the owner does not have a spray pump.

"There is no need to fear poisoning consumers by applying arsenical poisons to the cabbage for the cabbage worms. The heads form the inside and the constant tendency of the growth is to spread or open the poisoned leaves, and thus they are gradually removed. Also a few of the outer leaves are removed in preparing cabbage for the table, and thus whatever poison may adhere to it is taken away.

"I have never known of a case of a person being poisoned by the spraying or dusting of cabbage, and, indeed, it is estimated that it would take two or three hundred heads to carry enough poison to have any serious effect on a person. The extensive growers all over this State resort to poison to keep the chewing pests in check, and especially apply this for the green cabbage worm, the same as for the potato beetle."

Farmers Valley Items

Last Monday p. m. while B. F. Cory, was driving along the road near Frisbee & Co.'s store, his horse fell and broke one of his fore legs and had to be killed.

Fred L. Kent, of Bremen, Ohio, has been visiting friends and relatives in the vicinity of Coryville, the past week. He departed last Monday for Bremen; his mother, Mrs. C. R. Kent, and his sister, Mrs. A. J. Holmes and children accompanied him. Mrs. Holmes will meet her husband at Corning, Ohio, where they will make their future home for a time at least. Their many friends wish them success.

D. C. Rice is building an addition to his barn. G. W. Reese has charge of the carpenter work.

August Tanner recently purchased a low down, steel wheeled wagon

L. W. Howden, the cheese man of Coryville, made a business trip to Smethport and Kasson last Monday.

C. C. Decker has carpenters at work remodeling his residence at Farmers Valley. When finished, Charley will have as pleasant a place as the best of them.

F. H. Reed and family and Miss Lena Misol of Clermont called on H. D. Otto and family last Sunday while on their way home from Bradford, where they had been attending Old Home Week.

Don't forget the Grange picnic tomorrow at Coryville.

A Booster's Pledge.

On my word and honor, I hereby now declare that as long as I am a resident of this community it will be my constant aim to boost at all times and every time.

I will do what I can for any public work that has the good of the community as its object.

I will submit to and abide by majority rule and will not knock and howl my head off if things are not done my way.

I will take no radical or extreme position on any question before the people, and will have due respect for the opinion of my friends and neighbors when their opinions are opposed to mine.

I will always try to say some thing good about my town and my people, or I'll keep my bazoo shut and "cut it out" like a man.

I realise that if this community is good enough to live in and make my money in, it is the proper place to spend my money in.—Abilene News.

School Announcements.

School will open Monday August 30. Pupils having certificates from other schools to present for classification are requested to apply at the office for admission cards on Friday or Saturday August 27 or 28 between the hours of 2 p. m. and 5 p. m.

Only those whose sixth birthday occurs before January 1, 1910 will be admitted this Fall. Those whose sixth birthday occurs before July, 1, 1910 will be admitted in February, 1910. The law requires that all pupils who attend school must be vaccinated. This should be attended to before the opening of school so as to avoid as much inconvenience as possible.

Parents should appreciate the necessity of sending their children on the very first day of school so that no time may be lost in effecting organization and classification.

T. T. ALLEN.

Wanted.

A girl for general housework. Apply to Mrs. R. C. Gleason.

Personal Mention.

J. E. Mullin of Kane was in town this week.

Mrs. W. Stark was a Bradford visitor Saturday.

R. W. Stark was a visitor in Bradford on Saturday.

W. J. Kerr is in Buffalo this week on a business mission.

L. R. Shaw of Bradford was a Smethport visitor Tuesday.

Harry Saffeny of Bradford was a visitor in town Tuesday.

H. R. Hilton of Port Allegany was a visitor in town this week.

W. B. Hopper visited friends in Keating township over Sunday.

Felix Southwick of Chautauqua Lake is visiting relatives in town.

Hon. R. B. Stone of Bradford was a Smethport visitor this week.

Miss Sophia Hafner of Clermont was a visitor at this office yesterday.

A. Heimer of Washington D. C., is visiting J. Colegrove and family.

Miss Bessie Engstrom has returned from a visit to Chautauqua Lake.

Chas. Mesler the Kane picture man was a Smethport visitor this week.

Mrs. Ullinge and grandson, Jack McAlpin, visited in Bradford over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Purtle and daughter, Marie, were Bradford visitor last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Garr of St. Mary's are the guests of the Misses Abbey this week.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Pancoast of New York are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Hamlin.

Mrs. Daniel Farr of Clermont was a guest of Mrs. J. F. Eberspacher on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Comes were guest of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Cary of Eldred, over Sunday.

Miss Alice Dodge of Clinton, Maine, was the guest of her uncle, John O. Dodge last week.

G. W. Plasted of Boston, was the guest of his sister-in-law, Mrs. John O. Dodge, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Choate and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Lee were in Bradford Thursday and Friday.

Harvey MacQuiston and son John left last evening for Texas, where he expects to reside in the future.

Murl Bisett returned home Monday from a two weeks' visit with relatives and friends at Pittsburg.

Miss Fannie Steinhauer of Farmers Valley and Joseph Misol of Emporium were Smethport visitors Friday.

Mrs. C. B. Corwin returned Saturday from Bradford, where she has been the guest of Dr. and Mrs. F. J. Urbin.

Miss Edna Felps of Jamestown, N. Y. has been the guest of Mrs. R. C. Gleason of Mill street during the past week.

Mrs. C. J Foster of Corry, Pa., and Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Foster and children are guests of Mr. A. E. Foster this week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Mitchell and son, John, drove here from Erie in their auto Sunday and are guests of relatives in town.

Mr. and Parr H. Dole of New York who were the guests of Col. and Mrs. Mellville Gillett last week, have returned home.

Mrs. G. W. Carmody and daughter, Zeldah, of Salamanca, N. Y., are visiting at the home of Julius Hornlein and Mrs. Congdon.

Miss Bessie Quinlisk left yesterday for Punxsutawney where she will be in attendance at the old home week celebration there.

Mr. D. M. Dunsmore and son, Duncan of Reynoldsville, returned home Saturday from a visit at his daughter, Mrs. A. E. Foster.

Mrs. Roy Gifford and children of Chicago are expected to arrive in town today where they will be the guests of Mrs. R. C. Gleason.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Gallup and Mrs. Lehman drove to Buffalo on Monday in Mr. Gallup's automobile. They were on a purchasing trip.

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Young, Mrs. Jane Young and Mrs. Ed. Studholme went to Chautauqua Saturday last, in Mr. Young's automobile. Mrs. Young will spend a few days there visiting friends.

Mrs. J. Burt, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. W. A. Harris for a few days, returned to her home in Medina, N. Y., on Monday accompanied by Ernest Comes, who will spend a few days there.

Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Gallup and Mr. and Mrs. Allen Park returned Monday evening from a three days' sojourn, as the guests of P. E. Brown and wife at their house party on Chautauqua Lake. The trip was made in Mr. Gallup's touring car.

Orlo J. Hamlin and wife automobiled to Chautauqua Friday last, where they were guests until Wednesday, of Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Brown. Tuesday, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Brown they went to Buffalo, returning home Wednesday evening.

Dont fail to look over the beautiful display of Hand Painted China at the residence of

Mollie E. Pierce.

Have your Lawn Mower put in shape, better than new. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Gallup Family Reunion.

The sixth annual reunion of the Gallup family was held Tuesday, August 17, 1909, at the Gallup-Comes pavilion at Frog Camp.

About one hundred sat down to the bountiful chicken dinner promptly at one o'clock. Music and dancing and a match ball game furnished the entertainment for the afternoon. At the business meeting the following were again elected officers for the ensuing year: President, L. J. Gallup; treasurer, O. D. Gallup; secretary, F. D. Gallup. Mrs. Emma Gifford read a very interesting report of the successful outcome, on the part of Mrs. Caroline Gallup Reid, in raising sufficient funds for the erection of a fine monument in memory of Captain John Gallup. A rising vote of thanks was then given to Mrs. Reid for her earnest efforts.

Luncheon was served from 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., and from then until 10:30 dancing was again indulged in to the strains of Chadwick's talented orchestra, when one of the most enjoyable reunions of this family came to an end. The seventh reunion will be held the 3rd Tuesday of August, 1910.

An Abduction Case.

A special to the Bradford Era, dated Olean, Aug. 17, says: Officer French late yesterday afternoon arrested Mrs. Melvina Malone and Eva Dibble, both charged with disorderly conduct. Shortly after the arrest Flossie Malone, aged 10 years, appeared at police headquarters and in conversation with the officers, told of her being abducted a week ago last Saturday by one Michael Hodges, said to be from Buffalo. According to the story of the girl Hodges took her to Bradford where they remained over night. Hodges is being held on an abduction charge.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Aug. 14, 1909:

Bloom, Perch
Dahlgren, R.
Tyler, Vick

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

F. P. GALLUP,
Postmaster

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—A girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Elwood Gaskill on Tuesday evening.

—All members wishing a good time attend N. P. L. Picnic, Riverhurst Park Friday Aug. 20.

—Remember the cooked food sale at the Travellers' Club House Saturday, from 3 to 5 p. m.

—There will be work to do at the meeting of the W. C. T. U., Wednesday August 25th, at the usual time and place. A good attendence is desired.

—The Grange Field Day will be held at Coryville tomorrow. The Eldred band will furnish music for the occasion and the program will include various athletic events. Addresses will be delivered by Hon. Nathum Bacheldor, ex-Governor of New Hampshire, National Master, and Hon. Wm. T. Creasy.

—The advertising wagon for the McKean County Fair and Races will start on the road next week. The advertising has been somewhat delayed owing to the non-arrival of the automobile purchased by the Fair Association which is to the work. Owing to the local fair nearby fairs get their advertising out a little ahead of the McKean Association, but when the work once gets started lost time is certainly made up for.

—A woman was arrested on Monday on complaint of her neighbors. She was charged with being a brawler and disturber of the peace. Language attriduted to her was most shocking. She was in the habit of becoming intoxicated. The woman was fined for disorderly conduct and sentenced to imprisonment in the lockup. However, she was told that if she took her departure from Bradford and did not return the penalty would not be enforced. She agreed to leave town and did so. The woman has a husband and three children.—Era.

For thirty-three years, the Lock Haven Normal School has been the most efficient and largest secondary school in central Pennsylvania. Its graduates are leading citizens and are doing their share of the world's work. They carry with them the high ideals of the school. It demands high scholarship of its pupils, but it also insists on right living. It is a home school and looks after the individual needs of its pupils. Its catalog is not only handsome but it mirrors the work of the school. Send for a copy.

Laundry Work.

Having taken the Agency of the City Steam Laundry of Bradford, Pa., we therefore will be pleased to call for your patronage and promise you good service. Work guaranteed, as this laundry is noted for doing the finest work in this section of the country. Have your work ready early, and oblige,

Yours very truly,
A. E. MORRISON,
PAUL APPLE.
Smethport, Pa., 'Phone No. 125. 30-4t

National Protective Legion Picnic, Aug. 20, 1909.

Account National Protective Legion Picnic at Riverhurst Park, Friday Aug. 20, 1909, P. S. & N. R. R. will run special excursion. Fare round trip from Smethport 75c. Trains leave 8:33 a. m. and 1:48 p.m.

JOS. T. ODELL,
Gen. Pass. Agt.

We have moved our stock of shoes into the clothing store, and the Great Sale is still on. Great Bargains.

RUBIN'S SHOE STORE

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.
$10.60 from SMETHPORT
—TO—
Atlantic City,
Cape May,
Wildwood, Sea Isle City or Ocean City
Anglesea, Holly Beach or Avalon, N. J.
August 24, September 3, 1909
Tickets good going on trains leaving at 10:18 a. m. and 4:58 p. m. on date of excursion to Philadelphia and connecting trains to seashore points.
STOP-OVER AT PHILADELPHIA
allowed on going trip until day following date of excursion, or within final limit returning, if ticket is deposited with Station Ticket Agent. Tickets good to return within fifteen days.
Full information of Ticket Agents.
J. R. WOOD, Passenger Traffic Manager.
GEO. W. BOYD, General Passenger Agent.

Confectionery
One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.
PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT
is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family reciepes. Bring them here and get the best.
H. C. WELLS.
SMETHPORT, - PENNA.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.
Condensed Statement of Condition of
Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.,
SMETHPORT, PA.,
at close of Business Feb. 1, 1909

RESOURCES.	
Banking House	$ 19,694.71
Bonds	187,418.90
Loans	570,589.87
Cash	22,631.21
Due from Banks	88,514.47
	$888,844.16
LIABILITIES.	
Capital Stock	$200,000.00
Surplus	100,000.00
Undivided Profits	31,701.38
Deposits	557,142.78
	$888,844.16

This Bank Solicits accounts of firms and individuals. Pays interest on time deposits. Offers all the inducements practical with conservative banking.

RAILROAD WATCHES
We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one tha runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smosh and slam of the railroad business.
KERR
Main St. - Smethport

Chas. M. Provin
has rented the shop in the rear of Armstrong's drug store and is prepared to do all kinds of
HORSESHOEING, BLACKSMITHING and WOODWORK
A share of your patronage is solicited.
Chas. M. Provin

FARMERS,
Look out for BUGS and BLIGHT!
Paris Green,
Bluestone,
Helebore,
and everything in the Druggists' line fresh and new at the
A. B. ARMSTRONG
DRUG STORE.

DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills
FOR BACKACHE

THE LINDHOLM COMPANY

McCall's Style Books for September, price 5c

OUR FINAL CLEAN UP SALE

We have decided to continue our Sale until SATURDAY, AUG. 28, in order to give you another opportunity to take advantage of this great price reducing event on all Summer Goods, including Tailored Suits, Waists, Skirts, House Dresses, Wash Goods, Dress Goods, Low Shoes and Men's Furnishings.

INFANTS' AND CHILDREN'S

Embroidered and Lace Trimmed Lawn Hats in White, Pink, Blue and Red.

$1.48 Lawn Hats embroidered and lace trimmed, sale price	$0.75
75c and 89c Lawn Hats, sale price	.45
50c Chiffon Hats in pink, blue and red sale price	.25
35c Lawn Hats sale price	.15
98c white lace trimmed and embroidered Bonnets, sale price	.45
50c and 60c Bonnets sale price	.29
25c and 35c Bonnets sale price	.15

20 per cent. reduction on all Carpets and Rugs.

LADIES' PARASOLS

Ladies' 75c Parasols, sale price	.48
Ladies' $4.00 White Silk Parasols with fancy striped centers, sale price	2.75
Ladies' Parasol in Black Chiffon Net, only 1 left, value $5.50, sale price	2.75
Ladies' $4.00 and 4.50 Colored Silk Parasols, sale price	2.98
Ladies' $2.25 Black Parasols with fancy handles, sale price	1.75

Ladies' Tailored Shirt Waists and Wash Suits.

Ladies' tailored Suits made of light colored figured Lawns and Percales, regular price $2.00, sale price	1.39
Ladies' tailored Suits made of light colored material, regular price $1.50, sale price	1.15

MEN'S FURNISHINGS

Men's 15c Collars, latest styles	3 for $0.25
" 50c Work Shirts	39c, 2 for .75
" 1.00 Dress Shirts	.75
" 50c " "	.35
" 50c Ties	.35
" 25c "	.17
" 50c Underwear	.35
" 2.00 Union Suits	1.50
" 1.00 " "	.75

THE LINDHOLM CO.
SMETHPORT,
M'KEAN COUNTY PENNA.

DALY & GARLICK

Special Sale on

REFRIGERATORS

—and—

Hammocks
Binder Twine
Grain Cradles

—AT—

DALY & GARLICK

McKean County Miner
Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 19, 1909

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Rain at last.

—School commences on Monday August 30.

—The advertising matter of the Olean Fair and Races is being circulated.

—Scorching automobilists will be arrested in Coudersport in the future.

—Nine of the twenty new stables being built at the Fair grounds have been enclosed.

—Wade Burdick has accepted a position at the hardware store of John C. Hamlin.

—The next regular Lemon club dance will be given at the Lyceum next Monday evening.

—According to the Herald Mt. Jewett has seven cases of scarlet fever at the present time.

—The MINER is informed by Secretary Guy McCoy of the Fair Association that by next week he will be able to make public the schedule for excursion trains for Fair week.

—Miss May Choate entertained the Bridge Whist Club at her King street home yesterday afternoon.

—A. E. Hackett is laying concrete walks in front of the residences of J. C. Backus and Mrs. F. W. Backus on East Main street.

—Drilling was started Tuesday on the well which Nellis, Hyatt and Perry will put down on the Peterson farm above the County Home.

—A new concrete walk is being laid in front of the property occupied by Wash. Stark on the corner of Church and Green streets.

—Owing to the breaking down of the narrow guage engine on the Big Level R. R. the Kane Fire Department was unable to get to Bradford last Thursday.

—A man trying to pilot a wheelbarrow, a sprinkling can and a jug down Main street Tuesday morning furnished considerable amusement for early by-standers.

—The barn of James Elliott on Crandall Hill, Potter county, was recently destroyed by fire and when the ashes were searched the bones of a human being were found. It is believed that a tramp took shelter in the barn and accidentally set it on fire, losing his life.

—E. T. Daly was taken ill Sunday with peritonitis and has been confined to his bed since. It will be gratifying to his friends to learn that he is steadily improving.

—The high wind which accompanied the rain last Monday blew several limbs from the large maple trees in front of the Bush property adjoining John N. Apple's law office on Main St.

—The stone masons have about finished the work of laying the foundation for the new Holder building. Brick and other materials are now on the ground ready for the bricklayers to begin work.

—Hon. James A. McKean requests us to state that he has received many requests for the pamphlet laws and fish and game laws of 1909, and that as soon as he receives them he will send copies to each.

—The Comes family reunion is being held at Frog camp today. Chadwick's orchestra is in attendance and will enliven the occasion with music. It is expected that a large number will present at this event.

—About 28 members of the P. H. C. of this place picknicked at Riverhurst Tuesday. The pleasure seekers enjoyed dancing and the other amusements afforded at the park and a most delightful time is reported.

—The N. P. L. picnic will be held at Riverhurst park tomorrow. Several towns will be aepresented at this event, Excursions will be run of on the Shawmut which will leave this place at 8:33 a. m. and 1:48 p. m.

—It is alleged that the name of C. A. Wolcott of Shinglehouse was forged on a license petition in that place, and there is considerable excitement over the matter, Mr. Wolcott is offering $300 for information that will lead to the arrest of the forger.

—Ralph E. Burdick informs us that the horse which ran away with Lynn Coon last week did not get frightened at his automobile driven by George McGowan. But George and the auto became frightened by the horse, which chaced them down into the Pennsylvania R. R. yards and nearly jumped into the machine.

—The following from the Bradford Era's account of the Firemen's parade in that city last Thursday will give testimony to the appearance made by the representatives of Smethport on that occasion:—The Smethport Hose company was led by the I. O. O. F. band of Smethport, the two organizations having about 50 men. Chief John Waite; assistant chief, J. C. Stark; second assistant chief, W. B. Hopper. The county seat may well be proud of both the band and the firemen. Their uniforms were neat and attractive and the band played splendidly.

—The Rev. W. A. Harris will leave for Medina, N. Y., tomorrow and from there he goes to Rochester where he will occupy the pulpit of the Monroe Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church next Sunday. The Rev. F. W. Tubbs will preach here in the Methodist church next Sunday both morning and evening.

—Monday morning Ben Young, a clerk in J. Colegrove's store, discovered a large sized tarantula in a sack of bananas he had just cut off the stem. Ben lost no time in dropping the sack and dispatching the deadly worm. And when the writer saw Ben a few minutes later we imagined he looked a trifle white around the gills.

—The excursion to Rock City and Olean which was run over the Shawmut Sunday from St. Marys was poorly patronized, there being barely a coach load of people on the entire train, owing to the day being so disagreeable Three or four tickets were sold from this place. The Park City Band of Rochester gave a concert at Rock City in the afternoon.

—The many friends of John C. Hamlin will regret to learn that that esteemed gentleman is lying in a serious condition at his home on east Main street. Mr Hamlin, who is a victim of pleurisy, has been ill for some time but was regaining strength somewhat when last Saturday he had a tooth extracted and suffered a relapse. The entire community will unite in the hope for his recovery.

—Invitations have been issued for the marriage of Mr. Theron Lyle to Miss Elizabeth Ellingsfeld which event will occur the 24th of this month. The groom is a member of the grocery firm of Andorfer & Lyle and is one of Smethport's most progressive young business men. Miss Ellingsfeld is a daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Ellingsfeld of this borough and is one of the town's most popular young ladies.

—Harry Metzgar who has been suffering from a queer malady of the throat for some time past underwent another slight operation last week. It was at first supposed to have been mumps from which the young man was suffering but it is now thought that the trouble originated from his being poisoned from a slight cut which he sustained on the right side of his neck while working about an automobile some time ago. He is now steadily recovering. Dr. Ostrander has been attending him.

—It is feared that several head of cattle in this vicinity are infected with tuberculosis and that this disease may have spread considerably. A few days ago Andrew Campbell lost a cow and others are suffering from the same disease. Dr. Dick, State veterinarian, was notified and he held an autopsy and has sent his report to the State Department, where the nature of the disease will be definitely determined. A statement from headquarters is expected daily, when further action will be taken.

—A car of charcoal caught fire at the Smethport Chemical Works at East Smethport about 1:30 a. m. last Friday. An alarm was sent in, but although the fire engine was gotten out, fired up and made ready to be placed in immediate commission no response was made to the alarm with any of the apparatus, as this was not thought necessary until the fire department's services were really needed. A telephone message was soon received from the plant stating that the employes had the fire under control, The damage done was very slight.

—While in Bradford last Thursday the Smethport delegation was royally entertained by the Liberty Hose Company of that city at their quarters on High street. The Liberty is one of Bradford's old volunteer fire companies and was and is yet one of the best in this section. The curtain was rung down on Bradford's volunteer fire department several years ago but the Liberty to all appearances is no "dead one." They will occupy a warm spot in the hearts of all those from this place who were fortunate enough to enjoy their hospitality on this occasion.

WM. MONHEIMER.

COME

To Our Store This Week

and take advantage of some

Splendid Values

that will be offered. You will find many choice bargains in Clothing for men and boys. Hats and Furnishings, and you will surely want some of them.

Just Take a Look at Our Window.

MONHEIMER'S

Home Journal Patterns Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES

A Lace and Embroidery Sale

Edges, Insertions, Beadings, Allovers, Bands, Applique

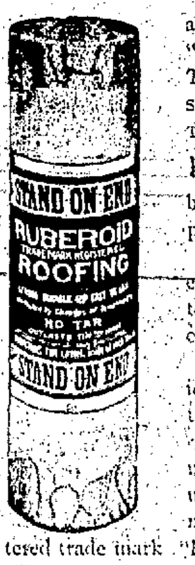
We have gone through our Lace and Embroidery stocks and sorted out all the small lots—pieces containing from one to ten yards and made the prices so low that they should be cleaned up in a hurry.

The reductions range from a fourth to a half off our regular prices. They are ranged in six lots as follows:

Lot 1	Lot 2	Lot 3	Lot 4	Lot 5	Lot 6
3c	8c	13c	18c	28c	38c

Special Clearance Prices on all Summer Stocks

FRY & COMES
Smethport, - - - Penna.



WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN
LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
SMETHPORT PENN'A.

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Quality Grocers

TRY FROU-FROU---the New Dutch Delicacy
Imported from Holland

FRESH POTATO CHIPS

FAXON'S BREAD AND BAKED GOODS

GREEN CORN SWEET POTATOES

ATLAS E-Z SEAL & MASON IMPROVED FRUIT JARS

See what $2.50 Cash will buy on Friday and Saturday this week:

$2.50 Combination.	Regular Price		
½ sack W. P. Flour	$0.95	½ doz. Bananas	.13
5 lbs. Granulated Sugar	.30	1 lb. Crackers—Soda or Butter	.10
1 lb. Brighton Blend Coffee	.25	1 "Kellog's" Toasted Corn Flakes	.10
6 bars Oak Leaf Soap	.25	1 lb. "Jipco" seeded rasins	.10
½ lb. best Uncolored Japan Tea	.25	1 can Old Dutch Cleanser	.10
1 can fancy Corn	.13		$2.75
1 lb. best Rice	.10	Our Special Cash Offer	$2.50

...BUY...

Lowney's Confectionery

—AT—

McCoy's Drug Store

PICKLES

A Few Bargains in SWEET, MIXED and SOUR PICKLES in bottles, also PEARL ONIONS in bottles.

Every day is Bargain Day at

G. W. BRENNAN'S,
THE CASH GROCER.

IN THE FURROW OF HIS FATHERS.

Story of a Wornout Farm and Its Restoration to Fertility.

By KENDRICK FERRIS.

[Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.]

"I can't let you go, son. I need you for the harvestin'."

The tone was patiently persuasive rather than authoritative, and a note of pleading crept into it as the old man added, "I don't like to feel I have to force you to stay at home, Matthew."

"You can't!" cried the boy passionately. "I'll run away first." As he spoke he broke a piece off the rotting rail fence by which they were standing and flipped it angrily into the field of waving grain. Then as his father did not immediately answer he turned to see the effect of his threat, but Zephaniah Whitcomb's thin, seamed face was as quietly impassive as if he had not heard.

"I'll run away," reiterated the boy doggedly.

His father ignored both the words and the tone. "This field'll be about ready for reapin' Monday," he remarked with the air of a connoisseur, letting his eyes travel slowly across the acres of billowing rye to the dark row of windbreaks opposite rearing itself against the northern sky. "And the ten acre piece across the way is about ripe now. There'll be considerable thrashin', all told."

"Not as much as last year," said the boy meaningly. "And the weather's been better too."

Again the father ignored him and continued imperturbably: "Sam Curry, from down on Beaver creek, was up at the Corners store yesterday, and he said help's goin' to be scarce this season. He's sent for a couple of his sister's boys from down Maine, and he's only got a hundred acres under the plow."

The boy looked his contempt.

"Sam Curry cradles and flails," he said, bracing himself by his elbows against the rails. "I should think he would have to get help from down in Maine. [illegible] on a cradle."

The old man pulled his hat brim lower as he looked past his son down the dusty road that ran westward for a mile or more.

"Sally Marks was tellin' your ma [illegible] to be more dances this harvestin' than ever before," continued Zephaniah, slipping his thumbs under his suspenders and spreading his feet apart. "She's goin' to be a fine lookin' girl, Sally Marks is. Looks like an August poppy with her red cheeks and her red hair."

Matthew Whitcomb straightened himself slowly. "Sally Marks is the wrong kind, father," he said dryly. "Her horizon is covered with a dance and a recipe for mincepies."

As he was speaking the sound of horses' hoofs approaching rapidly came from the curve in the road to the east, and before the farmer could answer a trim little phaeton, drawn by a span of bays, drove briskly by. A girl in gray with brown hair and large brown eyes held the reins, and as she noticed the boy by the roadside she nodded pleasantly to him. But he, caught in shirt sleeves and suspenders, rivaled an "August poppy" as the carriage passed, forgetting in his embarrassment to hide his telltale face from his father. Neither spoke while the beat of the hurrying hoofs died away down the road, but the silence was tense between them. The boy broke it at last, taking the aggressive.

THE OLD MAN STRUCK HIS FIST ON THE RAIL.

"The farm is beginning to fail now," he exclaimed, turning toward his father. "I tell you you're outraging nature, exhausting the soil stupidly year after year this way without any redress. Mark my words, four years from now every harvest will be a failure."

The muscles about Zephaniah's mouth twitched and his eyes narrowed as he looked at the tall boy before him, but he spoke in the same even tone.

"And spendin' four years with your nose in a book; if it won't save the farm, at least it will please the judge's daughter. I might have known a woman was at the bottom of this."

The farmer's tone did not deceive his son. He knew that he was facing an angry man, but he faced him resolutely, his own anger dying as his father's increased.

"I don't have to go till the thrashing's done, father," he began.

The farmer interrupted him shortly. "If you go at all you never come back. Newfangled methods are agin' sense and agin God, and no son of mine has four years to waste."

"You always do the winter plowing without me, father, and there's very little corn this year. I could go"—

The old man brought his clinched fist down upon the rail fence. "Go," he cried—"go and be hanged!"

A black cloud came from behind the windbreak and spread itself out thickly, darkening the sky. The light breeze had become a wind and now tossed and whipped down the tall grain. The first drops of rain fell on the boy's white upturned face.

"The drought is broken, father, just in time," he said. "Let us start home." But the old man turned from him without a word.

* * * * * * *

Four years dragged themselves slowly over the Whitcomb farm, and Matthew's prophecy began to be fulfilled. The grain came up fitfully under the warm, germinating rays of the April sun; it grew half heartedly through the early summer days and in July and August yielded but an ominous handful. The corn, hardier and still promising, was beaten down and broken by September rains. The harvest had failed.

Zephaniah Whitcomb and his wife talked little over the blazing hickory logs that burned cheerfully during the long evenings of the following winter. Abigail knitted by the firelight silently and industriously, sighing now and then, possibly over a dropped stitch, while the farmer smoked his corncob pipe and watched the pictures that etched themselves tirelessly in the dancing flames.

The day before Christmas Abigail watched for Zephaniah's return from the Corners store with uncontrolled impatience and, despite the drifting snow and the cold wind blowing out of the north, hurried forth to meet him. He handed her a bundle and then felt in the pockets of his great coat while his wife waited expectantly.

"Here's a letter for you," he said, producing a fat envelope.

[illegible] "I thought maybe there'd be," she said, holding out her hands. "I haven't had one since last June, when he graduated. I want to answer this one, Zephaniah, please," she added in a burst of temerity.

"It's not from him." The farmer hesitated over the pronoun. "It's some advertisements from the Corners store." He leaned forward and gathered up the reins that he might appear not to see the bitter disappointment on the old face.

In the spring the Whitcomb farm went under the yoke of a mortgage. The old dilapidated barns had to be rebuilt, and fire had partially destroyed the summer kitchen. The bald, cold eyed investor from the neighboring town who advanced money proved to be a friend of the judge.

"Yes, indeed; yes, indeed," he remarked sententiously while Zephaniah was laboriously signing the paper. "Judge Graham took me down to Monteith with him last June to see his daughter graduate. But it was your son, Mr. Whitcomb, who bore off all the honors. Yes, indeed—yes, indeed; really a remarkable boy—I suppose you are quite inordinately proud of him, Mr. Whitcomb?"

Zephaniah was shading the "h" on the downward stroke and did not see fit to interrupt so delicate a proceeding to answer, but later over his cup of tea he repeated the conversation of the pompous country gentleman verbatim. Abigail's heart warmed within her as she heard, but she knew better than to comment on Matthew's success.

"Sally Marks says the judge's daughter's real pleasant spoken and [illegible]," she said, now with brimming eyes, reaching across the table. "Hand me your cup, Zephaniah. Your tea's got cold."

So a sympathy and an understanding far deeper and sweeter than those of their earlier, hurried love welled up between this lonely, disappointed man and woman, for the most part silently, but sometimes, at the touch of the other's pain, spilling over in little homely acts and words of half embarrassed tenderness and care. They began to be even more constantly together than their isolated life required, Abigail following her husband nightly when he was "doing up his chores," saying that the house looked "so big and skeery" to her when the sun commenced going down, and Zephaniah caring less and less often to take the long drive to the Corners store. This close companionship and devotion worked a subtle, slowly perceptible change in the countenances of the old couple till at last they were seen to actually resemble each other.

The following fall the grain again yielded sparingly, but as much of the seed had rotted in the ground under the persistent spring rains Zephaniah had no thought of defeat. Little could be saved for the mortgage. But the amount was not great, and there still remained three years in which to meet it. Moreover, Zephaniah's childlike faith in a loving and interfering Father precluded all idea of failure. The Whitcomb farm had supported four generations of industrious, God fearing men—supported them easily and well. The Lord would not desert their equally industrious and God fearing descendant in the hour of his need.

But in the fall, when the mortgage became due, something leered at Zephaniah from the barren rye fields. It glared at him from the scanty stubble of the oats and wheat. It reared its ugly head exultantly at him out of the mean shocks of corn. Zephaniah stood face to face with defeat.

And Zephaniah's suffering was twofold, for his thoughts now had become self accusatory. He had done wrong; hence the Lord had turned away his face. He had made his only son an outcast, and by his mandate of silence he had saddened his wife's life. Had he been patient a little longer with his wayward boy, had he permitted Abigail to answer the affectionate, enthusiastic letters, loss and disaster need not have come upon them and Matthew would still have comforted their old age.

It was a late afternoon in September, the day before the mortgage was due. The old couple were to leave the farm on the following morning and Abigail was now busy in the big carved packing case [illegible].

THEY WERE DRAWN SUDDENLY TO A STANDSTILL.

As Abigail began [illegible] Zephaniah slipped quietly down the [illegible] fields, his father's fields and his father's fathers' to the third and fourth generation before him. The old man walked through them [illegible] his boyhood every familiar undulation, every knoll, every outcropping of rock.

He passed through the bare rye field and came to the rail fence, opposite the sassafras tree, where he and Matthew had quarreled eight years ago. The flare of reddening creeper could be seen in the windbreak; the fields were empty and brown. He remembered how the grain had swayed and nodded before them on that other day. At the end of the western road the sun was beginning to set in a glory of purple and gold, and the sweet notes of a hermit thrush came now and again from the elm tree.

A completer realization of all that he was about to lose mastered the old man's heart. Mutely the scene about him spoke of work that was done—the gleaned fields, the setting sun, the creeper reddening in death. Zephaniah, too, stood in the evening and autumn of his life. But the sun would rise again, the creeper would put forth new leaves, and the young grain would come up where the old had been cut down. But for Zephaniah there was no resurrection. In anger he had cast his seed from him. He buried his thin, seamed face in his hands. "Oh, Matthew, my son, my son!" he cried.

Again the beat of hoofs fell upon the air, but this time the judge's bays, driven by a young woman in gray, came out of the west. As they drove alongside Zephaniah they were drawn in suddenly to a standstill, and a man sprang out into the roadside.

"Father!" The clear voice came like the answer to a prayer, bridging the eight years.

"Matthew!" And the old man held his "boy" in his arms.

The judge's daughter drove slowly on toward the house. She and Matthew had but that day learned of the mortgage on the farm, and, armed with its cancellation, Matthew had decided to brave once more his father's wrath and to tell his parents of his coming marriage. Margaret insisted upon accompanying him.

"Perhaps he will not forgive you, and then that will be my only chance to know your mother," she had said.

Down by the rye field the young professor of agricultural physics was bracing himself by his elbows against the rails and saying:

"By keeping my nose in a book four years you see I have succeeded in pleasing the judge's daughter. Now will you let me try to save the farm?"

Zephaniah was looking at the professor with the eyes of a starved lover, and now he laughed, low and happily.

"Boy," he said, "let's go in and see Abigail."

And so it came to pass that Zephaniah Whitcomb lived to see the despised "book learnin'" bring back the full, glad harvests of his fathers. The soils were carefully analyzed by the young professor and their tilth and fertility intensified. Crops were rotated scientifically, and prosperity returned. And "the hand of the Lord," which his fathers had seen in the prodigality of nature, Zephaniah Whitcomb now wonderingly beheld in the knowledge of his son.

A Tiger in Wales.

Some years ago it was reported that a tiger had escaped from a traveling menagerie at Brecon, in Wales. Mangled sheep were said to mark its course across country to Llandrindod Wells, some farmers lost their dogs and on market days at Builth, Brecon, Penybont and Llanmarrach the wild beast was the center of rumor. Country schools were closed because parents feared to let their children go along the roads, and bands of armed men sought to hunt the tiger down.

This state of terror lasted a week, though no person was found who had actually seen the tiger, but only people who "had heard that some one else," and so forth. Then the truth was hunted down and the origin of the whole affair discovered at the remote hamlet of Eberedw. One night the schoolmaster there, in dismissing the children, playfully had warned them not to loiter in going home lest a tiger should get them.

The scared children accepted the warning as real and hastened home with stories of a savage beast lurking behind hedges or growling in ravines. And so the story grew, as stories do under the culture of imagination.

As Clear as Crystal.

An English firm whose shipment of goods was delayed in reaching Japan received the following communication from its newly appointed Japanese agent: "With regard to the matter of escaping the penalty for nondelivery of this—there is only one way to creep round same—by diplomat. We must make a stir or strike occurring in our factory. Of course big untrue. I place my presence on inclosed form of letter and believe this will avoid the trouble of penalty of same. As Mr. —— is most religious and competent man, also heavily upright and godly, it fears me that useless to apply for his signature. Please therefore attach same at Yokohama office making forge. But no cause for fear of prison happenings, as this often happens by merchants of high integrity. But if this involves that your honor look mean and obsessive awkward for business purpose, I think more better [illegible] of polite manhood and thus found good business [illegible]." The firm knows as much now about [illegible] as it did before.

Net Cost.

"Sir," says the [illegible] agent, approaching the desk of the [illegible] looking [illegible] showing [illegible] I can interest you in this magnificent set of books containing the speeches of the world's great orators. Seventy volumes, $1 down and $1 a month [illegible] The [illegible] has been paid. This set of books gives you the most celebrated speeches of the greatest talkers the world has ever known, and"—

"Let me see the index," says the tough man. The agent hands it to him, and he looks through it carefully and methodically, running his finger along the list of names. Reaching the end, he hands the index back to the agent and says:

"It isn't what you claim it is. I happen to know the greatest talker in the world, and you haven't her in the index."—Chicago Post.

The Turtle's Cunning.

Although not credited with any high degree of intelligence, the turtle when about to deposit its eggs exhibits considerable cunning. It scoops out a hole, as if to prepare a repository for its eggs, but in order to delude the birds and other enemies the turtle throws the sand again into the hole, leaving the surface rough, and waddles off to another spot, where it repeats the process. Sometimes this is done three times, and eventually the eggs are laid in an excavation within a few yards of the sham nest, the surface being smoothed and flattened down. When hunting for the eggs the Queensland blacks probe the sand in the vicinity of one of the sham nests and are usually successful.—London Globe.

When the Dog Was Dressed.

"Oh, mamma," said little Jacky, running into the house, "our dog Tige is dressed awful funny!"

Mamma looked out of the window. "Why, there is Tige," she replied, "and he's not dressed at all. How could a dog be dressed?"

Jack's eyes sparkled. "I wanted you to ask me that," he told her, "because I wanted to tell you that a dog is dressed after he's been running—when he wears a collar and pants."

Cause For Tears.

"What's the matter, dear?" queried the mother of five-year-old Helen, who was crying as if her little heart would break. "What are you crying about?"

"I w-want s-somethin'," sobbed Helen.

"What do you want?" asked her mother.

"I've f-forgot what I w-want," answered the little miss. "Th-that's what m-makes me c-cry."—Chicago News.

Overwhelmed.

"Your pulchritude is peerless. You are an astounding aggregation of feminine faultlessness. Be mine!"

"Sure," responded the girl. "I never could resist that press agent language."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Might Have Been Much Worse.

"You admit that the audience howled and whistled through the whole three acts of your play, and you say it might have been worse. How could it?"

"There might have been five acts."—Exchange.

He who thinks he has little to learn learns little and teaches less.

THE PRODIGAL BUTTERFLY.

She Played Her Part to Good Purpose, as It Proved.

By MARIE DENSMORE.

[Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.]

At the age of twenty-nine Bessie Pryor was forced to sit down and take stock of herself, her acquirements and her future. The money her father had left her, which she had foolishly believed would last forever, was gone, with the exception of a few hundred dollars.

She had had a good time with it. As she looked back over recent years and considered how she had spent it she had to admit that she had had a very good time with it. First she had had four years in the best college in the country; she had had a year of foreign travel; she had been much about her own country; she had had seasons in the mountains, seasons at the seashore, seasons in the city; she had heard the best music, seen the best plays and studied the best pictures in the world. And, as for clothes, she had worn right and left the finest productions of the shops and experienced modistes.

Now all of this was at an end suddenly. She had had a last interview with her father's old attorney, and he had told her the truth. She had used up her means. The past summer had written finis to the story of her prodigality. Only a few hundred remained. What was she to do?

Of course there was Aunt Bess, for whom she had been named—Aunt Bess, under whose wing she had gayly squandered her substance in riotous living.

She knew very well why Aunt Bess had allowed her to go on as she had. She had expected her to make a brilliant match. That [illegible] would have been otherwise. [illegible] had been [illegible] enough, but [illegible] she had cared [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] I can't sell my [illegible] to wear them. Well, it stands [illegible] I can't live with Aunt Bess—pride forbids." She checked off one finger. "I can't teach; I can't sew; I can't—I can't do anything."

She dropped her head in her hands an instant, then raised it resolutely. "Bess Pryor, you're a chicken hearted thing. Put on your things and take a walk. You will be crying next thing you know."

She sprang up, donned hat and furs and a few moments later was leaving the house of the elderly friend with whom she was stopping during this urgent business quest of hers to the city.

At the very first corner, as she was walking briskly along trying to get the better of her feelings, she met a plainly dressed girl who was walking just as briskly.

"Why, Madge White!" Bess exclaimed, holding out her hand eagerly. "I haven't seen you in years. Where in the world do you come from?"

The other girl laughed.

"Why, don't you know? I'm here taking a course in the business college. I'm learning shorthand and typewriting. You see"—her voice dropped—"there's been hard times at home, and I'm getting out by myself to ease the burden if I can. I always did love to tinker with a typewriter, even when I didn't have to, and I hope I shan't like it any the less now that I shall have to look to it as a means of support."

"Typewriting and shorthand," Bess mused. "Madge," she spoke earnestly, "do you suppose I know enough to manipulate the keys and make those pothook things with a pencil?"

"Do you? And you a college girl! You certainly know enough, Bess. The trouble is you don't have to learn."

"Ah, but I do," Bess said soberly. "Let me walk with you and tell you all about it."

And as they went slowly up the street together she told her story. She had not cared much for Madge in college, for Madge was in a different set from her own, but she saw now that she had missed a good deal by not making friends with this very sensible, capable, warm hearted girl.

When at last they parted Madge had helped her to make a plan for the present. She was to enter the business school, board where Madge did and share her room, and she was to tell the friend with whom she was staying and Aunt Bess and her father's old attorney that she had started out to earn a living for herself.

At the end of six months of the hardest mental work she had ever undertaken Bess was declared a finished pupil of more than ordinary excellence, and a position was obtained for her at

Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
Lieutenant Governor—Robt. S. Murphy.
State Treasurer—John O. Sheatz.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Sinnemahoning.
State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Austin.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; E. W. Hilton, Smethport.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Wm. H. Morrison, Smethport.
Prothonotary—B. F. Starsky, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank R. Foster, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford Twp.; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; John P. Devlin, Bradford.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—H. H. Adsit, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. R. Anderson, Clermont; A. Rydbury, Coryville.
Coroner—E. R. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—S. H. Cleveland.
Council—E. E. Heath, president; F. H. Stover, secretary; J. W. White, E. W. Workley, G. H. Dunning, F. L. Sherburne, J. G. Backus, H. H. Sasse.
Justice—R. C. Gleason.
Constable—U. H. Foote.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, sec'y; W. F. Specht, treas.; John B. Eastman, H. H. Redfield, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin, W. R. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Rubin.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

CHARLES W. MASSER, W. M.
W. I. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

WADE BURDICK, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 2273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

J. T. CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. [illegible], meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at [illegible] p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

R. F. WRIGHT, Com.
B. M. [illegible], Adjutant.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 49, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Friday afternoon.

[illegible] ABBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday afternoon in the M. E. chapel.

MRS. E. A. BARKER, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. B. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 24, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

[illegible], Pres.
[illegible], Secretary.

[illegible]—Meets [illegible] in Odd Fellows Hall.

[illegible] W.
[illegible], Sec'y.

[illegible] M.—Meets every Monday [illegible] F. Hall. Adoption degree [illegible] Monday; [illegible] degree, and [illegible] Monday.

M. S. GEARY.
C. K. HOGARTH, [illegible]

Churches.

Methodist Episcopal—W. A. Hartshorne, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at [illegible] preaching at [illegible] Sunday school at [illegible] Junior League at [illegible] Epworth League at [illegible] evening service at [illegible] General prayer meeting Wednesday at [illegible] p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber [illegible] Rector. Services every Sunday [illegible] and 7:30 p. m. Additional service [illegible] except on first Sunday of each [illegible] Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—[illegible] F. Dugan, pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday, and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

THE

NEW YORK WORLD

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THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

THE PREDICAMENT OF ANGLIN, SENIOR.

His Own Love Affair and That of His College Chum.

By HENRIETTA G. ROBINSON.

[Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.]

Halfway down the steps of the fraternity house Anglin turned and went thoughtfully back to the room that he shared with Beresford.

"You're dead sure you'll not change your mind and come?" queried Anglin.

Beresford, with a volume open on his knee and a pipe gripped between his teeth, nodded emphatically.

"Then I suppose you don't mind if I take your skates? They're sharper than mine."

"Take them, of course."

But when Fred Anglin had slung the skates over his shoulder and buttoned on his thick gloves, he still lingered. It seemed as though this were not what he had come back to say after all.

"I ought to tell you, Tom—we've been such pals right along—that I'm going to put my fate to the test tonight. The Tremaine girls will host the skating party. And tonight I intend to speak to Gerla."

Beresford jumped up and wrung his friend's hand enthusiastically.

"Good for you!" he cried. "Go in and win! As long as it isn't Geraldine I can endure the thought of your happiness. If she says yes I'll be able to listen to your raptures without experiencing a perfectly legitimate desire to sling you through the window."

"Thanks, old man," laughed Anglin, adding: "Lucky we've not set our respective hearts on the same sister. Now, I'm blessed if I understand your infatuation for Geraldine. But, as long as you and her care, why do you hold back? You are older than I, and"—

Beresford shook his head with a grim smile.

"It isn't that. You see, a wealthy father [illegible]. I've only enough [illegible] this [illegible]. When I get my diploma—well I shall have [illegible]. It is not [illegible] Geraldine to wait until I have [illegible] arrived. It wouldn't be fair to her."

"It [illegible] promise [illegible] as devoted to you!"

"Yes, I know that. But she must be [illegible]."

There was another hand clasp, a [illegible], and Anglin swung away for the tramp into the country, where the skaters were to assemble at Pilcrim's pond.

The star studded night closed down early. When Anglin reached the appointed place the merriment of the evening was already in full swing. The expanse of ice was clean swept and [illegible] strings of Chinese lanterns dangled in the multi-hued [illegible] from tree to tree and from pole to pole. In a declivity, [illegible] by a [illegible], a royal fire blazed and crackled. In and out, around and about, in dullness under the silken stars or in red relief where the flambeaux, set at regular intervals, flared fantastically, sped and flashed the dark figures of the skaters.

Fred Anglin got on his skates as quickly as possible and started out across the frozen pond. Many turned to look after the athletic young figure circling [illegible] easy, swallowlike [illegible].

But he [illegible] her [illegible] for [illegible] would [illegible] blue velvet [illegible] was [illegible] backward [illegible] peaked [illegible] over a [illegible] chievous eyes [illegible] that ever [illegible] June sky [illegible].

There she [illegible] suddenly [illegible] himself.

Alone in the shadow of the wigwam-shaped refreshment tent, apparently fancying herself unobserved, a slender young form was whirling on heel and toe, cutting a pattern of intricate tracery on the ice.

"Come with me," he cried as he dashed to her side. He held out his hands, crossed at the wrists in the old approved carry-the-lady-out-of-town style.

Together they swung gracefully down the strip of gleaming ice which was least covered.

But when they were quite away from the merry crowd of skaters, whose voices came to them musically through the frosty night air, Anglin turned their impetuous progress to one very deliberate. And then, as he took a firmer hold of her mittened hands, he began, after the manner of many another lover who has been compelled to force his courage to the sticking point:

"Dear," he said desperately, "I can't keep silent any longer. You know how I've cared for you ever since—well, ever since I entered college. Although I've never been obliged to consider ways and means, still a legacy has made it possible for me to ask you to give me your promise. I know," he added hastily, "you won't care about this sort of thing, but I ought to mention it. There's only one question now—do you think you will ever love me—a little?"

His words, voice, even the tensity with which he retarded her flight, holding her hands tight pressed to his side, did not escape the girl's alert consciousness. But she answered in unsteady accents. There were trepidation in her tone and dread, the dread a sweet girl experiences who hates to give pain.

"I'm sorry—sorry—sorrier than—I've ever been about anything in all my life," she began. "I—I did not dream it was I for whom you—cared. Had I done so I never would have permitted you to say—this."

As one stunned he relaxed slightly his grip on her fingers, while he accelerated their speed.

"Don't worry!" he answered bravely. "I must have been awfully stupid to have fancied—you are sure you're quite warm enough? We are almost at the tent now. I'd better bring you some hot coffee, Gerla."

They were at the tent. Yellow streaks of light from its canvas apertures were glinting out at them. The girl came to a standstill, her hand still on her companion's arm.

"What was that you said?" she asked sharply.

"Gerla—I suppose I should have said Miss Tremaine," and then, as she did not at once reply, he wheeled swiftly and confronted her.

She had dashed back the peaked hood of her skating coat. He saw a little, dark, ingenuous face looking up at him in the wavering amber light—a face that looked uncertain as to whether it ought to break into smiles or quiver into tears—the face of Gerla's twin.

"Geraldine!" he exclaimed as he fell back in astonishment.

It was her turn to be amazed. "Why, did you think it was Gerla?" she cried.

"Sure," he added, with enthusiastic relief. And then when her merry peal of laughter had died away he queried. "But how do you happen to be wearing Gerla's costume?"

She laughed again—a relieved sort of merriment that made Anglin think suddenly of his roommate.

"Oh, that's what—what fooled you, was it? Why, we changed them just for fun. But, is Tom"—she flushed furiously at her slip of names—"I mean if Gerla had thought"—

"What?" exclaimed Anglin ambiguously. "Geraldine, do you think"—

"Oh, as to Gerla," she broke in, "she is coming back of you. Ask her yourself." And she skated swiftly away.

The next instant Anglin was facing a girl in a suit of wine colored velvet. The peaked cap was drawn high over tousled golden curls and eyes of deepest blue.

"How you stare!" she laughed. "Am I an uncanny spirit?"

"I've proposed to one girl tonight," he confessed as he whisked away to the waltz the band was playing, "and I don't want to make a similar mistake again, for she was not the girl at all whom I meant to ask to marry me!"

"Are you quite sure you're not mistaken now?" she asked quizzically.

"Quite!" he assured her. "But I would like positive proof—and corroboration!"

And both Fred Anglin succeeded in securing before the [illegible] Tom, for [illegible] him with the fondest of hopes.

A Transformation Scene.

That great statesman William Pitt, upon whose word so many far-reaching issues hung, was in the habit of retiring to his country house for seasons of relaxation. There he dropped his character of austere prime minister and became for the time a romping schoolboy. One day he had been skylarking with his young friends. He rushed into every fray with the ardor of the youngest present. When the fun was most furious a servant entered the room and informed the prime minister, who was coatless and embellished with burnt cork, that Lords Hawkesbury and Castlereagh had arrived from London on important business. "Ask them to wait," remarked Pitt and proceeded with the game. When that was finished Pitt said that he must attend to two noble lords and retired to his dressing room to repair damages. Presently he returned, and a remarkable transformation took place. Standing in the middle of the room, the prime minister drew himself up to full height of unapproachable dignity. To the astonishment of the young people present the two lords came into the room almost on their hands and knees and with abject obsequiousness explained the object of their visit. Mr. Pitt listened with an air of distant hauteur and with a sentence or two dismissed his noble guests.—Westminster Review.

A Train Load of Monkeys.

A plague of monkeys some years ago sorely troubled the officials at a small station on the Saran railway, in northwest India, says the Bombay Gazette. Trucks full of grain for export were often stored up in the station, and the monkeys came down in large numbers from a neighboring grove to help themselves to the grain, picking holes in the tarpaulin roof of the wagons. The officials were wearied out with keeping watch and scaring away the thieves, who daily grew bolder, till an ingenious guard hit upon a stratagem. For several days sweets and fruits were put on the roofs of the wagons, with the result that the whole of the monkey colony were attracted to the spot and soon became perfectly indifferent to man. One morning when they were all busily feeding an engine was stealthily attached to the wagons, and suddenly the train moved off. The monkeys were quite scared and made no attempt to escape, sitting crouched together till the train had gone several miles and stopped at the jungle. Then they wanted no hint to leave. Every monkey leaped down howling and fled into the jungle, whence none ever returned to trouble the railway.

THE SPORTING WORLD

Coveleskie Not Himself.

Has Pitcher Coveleskie of the Philadelphia Nationals shot his bolt? Is the Giant killer of 1908 a fizzle this A. D. 1909? These are questions which are up to Manager Murray of the Phillies and which he probably will decide within the next few weeks.

It is bruited about among the members of the Philadelphia team that the big twirler has shown but little this spring—that he has been unable to get a free movement to his pitching arm and that his reserve supply of nerve also is extremely low.

Coveleskie looked like a wonder in the fall of last year, and the way he mowed down the Giants in those several games he pitched against them made the election excitement sink into insignificance and for the time being gave the center of the National stage to [illegible].

PITCHER COVELESKIE OF THE PHILADELPHIA NATIONALS.

But this season he has been unable to repeat. The Giants have hammered him in turn [illegible] for the walloping he gave them last fall, keeping them out of the world's series, and other teams have taken in an equally kindly manner to everything he could serve.

If he doesn't get back on his stride pretty soon it will be up to Manager Murray to move some other twirler into the line of regulars and give the big Coveleskie a chance to get back his ability and his nerve on the bench or in some prep school.

Fred Clarke May Retire.

Fred Clarke, the leader of the Pittsburg baseball team, who has piloted his crew to four National league championships, will retire from the game at the close of the present season. This statement is made on the authority of the wife of the premier player.

"Fred will retire," said Mrs. Clarke. "He has had his innings, and his departure will mean an opportunity for some other player. While we are attached to Pittsburg, there is a great big ranch in Kansas that needs his attention, and after this year it is the ranch life for both of us. It is not generally known that Fred did not hanker after playing this year and did not actually decide to play until after he went to Hot Springs to join the team. Then he decided to try for just one more pennant, but this is his last try." Manager Clarke later verified all that his wife had said.

Pennsy Gets a Good One.

Joe Ballard, the great scholastic miler from the Providence (R. I.) high school who holds the mile scholastic running record and the lad who broke the half mile, one mile and two mile records in the recent New England scholastic championships, will enter the University of Pennsylvania in the fall. Ballard is the best scholastic mile runner in America, and he recently raced a mile in 4 minutes 26 3-5 seconds and beat a field with ease and then went out and took two other races.

Kraenzlein Declines Tiger Offer.

Dr. A. C. Kraenzlein, the track coach of Mercersburg academy, recently received an overture to become track coach at Princeton university. He also received overtures from four or five other colleges in this country. Dr. Kraenzlein has shown wonderful skill in turning out winning track teams at Mercersburg for the last three years. He has refused these various offers and will return to Mercersburg this fall.

Cook, Cornell's New Track Captain.

Eddie Cook of Ohio has been elected captain of the Cornell university track team to succeed C. M. French. Since he went to Cornell he has been successful in the pole vault and broad jump, having twice won first place in the broad jump in the Olympic games. He also tied with Gilbert of Yale for first place in the pole vault at the Olympic games, clearing 12 feet 2 inches. He is a junior in the College of Civil Engineering.

UNDER THE SURFACE

An Incident That Brought Content to a Dissatisfied Woman.

By ROY RICHARDSON.

"I'm sorry we're invited," observed Mrs. Edmonds to her husband as they dressed to go out. "We shan't have a good time."

"Why?" her husband inquired. "I always liked Ned."

"Yes," responded Mrs. Edmonds. "I like them both, but, Will, try as hard as I may, they make me absurdly jealous."

Mr. Edmonds grew serious. "The old excuse, Grace. I thought you had outgrown that bad habit. We've got so much that they can never have. There!" he cried, pinching her cheek. "Let's put it aside. We have each other, while you know they quarrel. We must have them here some evening soon. You can sing while I juggle the chafing dish. Ned Constable never could make a decent rabbit. His wife won't let him learn how."

Mrs. Edmonds sighed even at her husband's picture of a pleasant evening at home. "I shall depend upon you," she said as they rang the Constable doorbell, "to keep me contented tonight, Will."

It was quite an affair. Mr. and Mrs. Constable, whatever they might be when alone, were a charming host and hostess.

"How well they do it!" exclaimed Mrs. Edmonds to her husband as they sat eating. Then, with a dangerous tone in her voice, she said, "I wish, oh, so much, that you and I"—

"There, there," Edmonds broke in gently. "We're not going to speak of that, dearie. By Jove!" he ejaculated suddenly. "I do believe there's old Tom Goodwin over there all by himself. You remember Tom, don't you, Grace—the fellow who was too poor to come to our wedding and who said he was sending forks instead of buying a railroad ticket? I haven't seen him for months. He writes things, I believe. You must meet him, good old chap."

"Do you know," Goodwin remarked a few moments later, seating himself beside his new found friends, "I always promised myself the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Edmonds. And now," and his genial face beamed with good nature, "I see how true it is that unexpected pleasures are the keenest. Funny thing, Mrs. Edmonds, but I didn't want to come here at all."

At this Edmonds smiled at his wife. "Neither did we. Now we are glad we came," he said. "But, Tom, why haven't you called? You might have found us before this in the directory."

"Oh, yes," Tom rejoined, "but you're such dreadful swells I didn't dare. You see," he explained while Mrs. Edmonds tried to tell him how modest they really were, "I'm just beginning. When you just begin people don't like you, and mostly you don't take to them, and so I have thought it best to keep away by myself until I had done something worth while."

Goodwin made himself very agreeable, and Mrs. Edmonds liked him. Her husband got deep in debate with a business acquaintance, and the two men presently drifted to the other side of the room, so when the music began in the conservatory Goodwin took Mrs. Edmonds upstairs.

"It's awfully good of you, you know," he said to her as they seated themselves next a dense mass of palms in the ballroom, "not to insist on dancing, but to talk to me. You're so cheerful and seem so contented. Will is a fortunate man, Mrs. Edmonds."

"How odd! I was discontented and blue when I came here tonight," she said, "all because I was—well, I was covetous."

Tom laughed.

"We all get that way at times, I fancy," he remarked. "Look at those De Puysters standing over there, the richest people here. You wouldn't believe it, but they are ridiculously jealous of the Four Hundred. How the Four Hundred fare we never know, but the De Puysters ape them as far as they can, while some of us are silly enough to ape the De Puysters. I am glad you are not one of those."

Before Mrs. Edmonds could confess that indeed she was one of them there came to her ear from behind the palms by which they sat the sound of voices. They both recognized the tones of their host and hostess. It was an awkward position, but they could not have escaped being seen from over the palms.

Constable was evidently remonstrating with his wife. "You can't mean to pretend," he was saying, "to be keeping pace with the De Puysters. One would think you were, to see us tonight. I tell you, Anne, I can't afford it, and that's flat."

"That's what you're always saying—'can't afford this; can't pay for that!'" cried Mrs. Constable, with considerable heat. "Why don't you go into bankruptcy and be done with it? You never used to complain."

"We would look well bankrupt, wouldn't we?" her spouse cut in. "I never used to complain, as you say, because I was getting rich fast then. It is changed now, and I'm often pinched for money to the verge of desperation. I've told you so, Anne. While I've no objection to your entertaining and having a good time, there's a limit to our means, you know, and where the devil the money for this is coming from I don't see."

"You never told me!" cried Mrs. Constable. "You merely said you were worried. And I'll tell you right now, Ned Constable, I do intend keeping pace with the De Puysters and flatter myself I have done so."

"He stuck me on change for $12,000 last week," muttered Constable. "You may be able to keep up the pace; but, by thunder, I can't at that figure, Anne!"

There was a pause. Then he said pacifically: "You go at it wrong; and, as your husband, I must correct you. Look at Will Edmonds and his wife. They are poor, as the world takes such people, but they are richer and happier than we are."

"Yes," exclaimed Mrs. Constable, "and live in a little place where you can hardly turn around and where you meet starved musicians, impecunious actors or authors who hope to startle the world some day. Perhaps you would like to change places with them."

"I may have to," Constable murmured, "before it is all over. Come, Anne; the people are going. We must get downstairs."

Goodwin and Mrs. Edmonds arose, he serious, she trembling.

"Tell me," he asked her, "should we have gone away?"

"Yes and no," she answered. "We couldn't without their knowing." Then, putting her hand in his as they came to Mr. Edmonds, she observed seriously: "A little while ago I was jealous of them, Mr. Goodwin. Now I am not, and my little place, where you can hardly turn around, seems sweet and good to me. Come and see us in it. We will welcome you—and you may get an idea how nice humility is. Good night. I thank you for being here."

* * *

As Grace and Will stood again in their own house later that night she said to him as she kissed him, with tears in her eyes: "I thank the Lord, Will, dearest, for our little place where some people can hardly turn around. Shut your eyes, Will, and say it after me: Bless our little place where you can hardly turn around. Amen!"

Eccentric Henry Cavendish.

Whenever Henry Cavendish entertained his guests he would always give them the same fare, a leg of mutton. A story goes that one day when four friends were coming it was asked him what should be ordered for dinner. He answered, "A leg of mutton." "Sir, that," the reply, "that will not be enough for four." "Well, then, get two," said the host. When this gentleman died he was the largest holder of bank stock in England. He owned £1,157,000 in different public funds, besides freehold property of £8,000 a year and a balance of £50,000 on account. This large income was allowed to accumulate without attention. On one occasion when the bankers had in hand a balance of [illegible], they thought it well to acquaint Mr. Cavendish with the fact. "If it is any trouble to you I will take it out of your hands. Do not come here to plague me!" "Not the least trouble to us, sir, but we thought you might like some of it to be invested." "Well, what do you want to do?" "Perhaps you would like half of it invested?" "Do so, do so, and do not come here to bother me or I'll remove it!" was the churlish finale of the interview. Cavendish was [illegible] years of age when he died in [illegible], and he had never changed the fashion of his dress for sixty years.—London Graphic.

Truth Telling.

"Pa," said little George when his father attempted to carve the [illegible] duck, "I can't tell a lie. I dulled the carving knife."

"My son," said George's father, after looking gravely at him for a few minutes, "I am glad to forgive you. [illegible] me explain why I forgive you. It is because you have not tried to deceive me. You have told the truth. Therefore you shall not suffer punishment. I wish to have you realize that it is always best to tell the truth. You see how easy it is. If you had lied to me about having dulled the knife it would have been very hard for you to keep from letting us find out the truth—indeed, we should have found it out sooner or later—and then you would have been punished. Thus you would have been made very unhappy in addition to having been compelled to invent a lot of falsehoods, which would have been very hard work. A liar always creates trouble and sorrow for himself. Remember that. How did you happen to dull the knife?"

"I was tryin' to whittle off one of the limbs of that tree you had set out in the back yard 'cause it's got a nice prong for a slingshot."

"George, you come into the attic with me! By thunder, I'll teach you not to cut limbs from trees that I've paid good money to have planted!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Patti's Parrot.

Mme. Adelina Patti, staying some years ago in the fall in New York, heard of a wonderful talking parrot, one Jumbo. Forthwith she bought him at the unconscionable price of £200. Once in her possession Jumbo did not open his beak. Every blandishment failed, and at length she gave him up as hopeless. Then one morning the diva awoke with a severe sore throat. She was engaged to sing at the opera on the same night and naturally in great trepidation sent off for a throat specialist. Jumbo, whom she had quite forgotten, remained to all appearance asleep on his perch. As the door opened, however, and the specialist stood on the threshold, before ever Patti could open her lips Jumbo flapped his wings in great excitement. "Oh, doctor," he croaked, "I'm so sick!" That was the first and last time since Mme. Patti became possessed of him that he deigned to speak.—Dundee Advertiser.

HINTS FOR FARMERS

Ground Feed For Horses.

For horses at hard work for long hours all the grain should be ground and mixed with chopped hay, says American Cultivator. A great deal of time and energy can thus be saved. If the horses are required to do hard work only a few hours each day the oats need not be ground. Because of their bulky nature oats are easier masticated than other grains.

Old horses or others with poor teeth should always have ground grain. It is almost impossible for them to make use of the whole grain. During the spring months or at any season of the year when they are shedding teeth colts should have ground grain in order to prevent any unnecessary use of the jaws during such a period.

It is argued by some that the cost of grinding will not make it profitable to grind feed for horses not at work unless they have defective teeth. But where one is prepared to grind his grain himself the work can be done at odd times and the expense of grinding need hardly enter into the question.

Around the Farm.

There is nothing like rotation, thorough cultivation and plenty of good barnyard manure to keep the soil in good shape.

There is a lot of satisfaction in working in good, mellow soil. It can be kept right only by constant, systematic working.

The poor places in the dooryard should be attended to at once. They are an eyesore to you and a discredit to your place. Grass seed can be worked into the ground after it is [illegible].

In buying farm machinery always get the best and most reliable. It will prove cheapest in the end.

The right way to handle manure is to handle it as little as possible. Put it where you can use it at once.

[illegible] more work!—Kimball's Dairy Farmer.

Heart Girth and Vitality.

The [illegible] of the Nebraska experiment station [illegible] some steers last winter to determine the [illegible] that make the best feeders. They took the measurements of each one in the most minute particular. The steer that made the best gain in the feed lot was the one having the largest heart girth in proportion to weight. The steer showing the lightest gain had a very small heart girth. While this is the result of only one winter's work and cannot be taken as establishing any positive law, still it looks very much as if cattle with large lung power, with a good heart and consequently perfect digestion are best calculated to make big gains in the feed lot, and, we think, everybody knew this all along.—Denver Field and Farm.

Feather Pulling Fowls.

Feather pulling is a habit which [illegible]. When once the fowls learn the habit they [illegible] the feathers. [illegible] plenty of grit, oyster shells and [illegible] lime [illegible]. A piece of fat pork tied to a strong cord and swung in reach of the fowls seems to give some relief. The cause of this [illegible] the lack of [illegible] in the system of the fowls. Fowls on the farm seldom [illegible], while those in [illegible]. Even [illegible] fattening [illegible].—Country Gentleman.

Prepotency of the Sire.

About the most reliable basis of calculation as to the power of transmission, or, as it is called, prepotency of the bull, is the dairy character of the grandmothers and great-grandmothers on both sides of his pedigree. He is the stored up results of what lies back of him.

The quality of his ancestors will have more effect on his offspring than the performance of his mother. She gives to him of what she inherited more than of what she does. She may be rich in inherited qualities and yet for some reason be herself only an ordinary performer.

To Fatten Broilers.

An excellent mixture for fattening broilers is made as follows: One hundred pounds of finely ground barley, 100 pounds of finely ground corn, 100 pounds of finely ground oats, with hulls sifted out, to which mixture is added thirty pounds of beef scraps. Buttermilk or skimmilk is used for mixing, the former being preferred. The birds are fed twice a day at intervals of twelve hours and are kept on this diet for three weeks.

Value of Cultivation.

Probably no operation on the farm pays as well on the investment as the extra tillage requisite to secure ideal conditions. Clods repel the tiny roots and vacancies between carry neither ready moisture nor food. Sometimes, especially in dry seasons, the difference in yield between a cloddy soil and one open, mellow, with available food easy to reach and moisture at will, approaches 100 per cent.—Professor J. W. Sanborn, New Hampshire.

Water Horses Frequently.

Watering often is far better than waiting till a horse is almost choked and then letting him have all he can drink. Many horses are spoiled by the latter method, while no one ever hurt a horse by frequent watering.

TEACHING HORSES TO JUMP.

There Are Three Methods Used—Coaxing, Lunging and Driving.

There are three methods of teaching a horse to leap—coaxing, lunging and driving. In the coaxing method the young horse is turned into a small paddock having a low hedge or hurdle across the center. In plain view of the pupil a rider on a veteran jumper should take him over the hurdle several times.

The trainer then goes to the opposite side with a measure of corn or oats and calls the horse, shaking up the grain and pouring it with his hand back and forth in the receptacle. The boundary will soon be cleared, and when a few mouthfuls have been eaten the station of the instructor should be at the other side of the hurdle and the lesson repeated. If this be done daily the hurdle may be gradually heightened.

The habit of jumping is thus acquired without those risks which attend a novel performance when a heavy burden oppresses the strength and whip and spur distract the attention. The horse's body, says Country Life In America, is not partially disabled by the imposition of a heavy load before the powers are taxed to the utmost and his capabilities are unfettered.

The second method is termed lunging. A long rein or cord is attached to the bit, and the animal is exercised in a circle in which a hurdle has been placed or a shallow ditch dug. A long lashed whip, used only to keep him in motion or lightly applied at the proper moment, will keep him up to his work. Soon the horse will enter into the spirit of the occasion and by unmistakable signs will manifest his enthusiastic enjoyment of the exercise.

The third method, driving, is exactly what its name implies. At first the obstruction should be slight. Any open space will answer the purpose, an earth or sod surface or tanbark being preferable. Long reins, a straight bar or snaffle bit, a long whip and patience and perseverance are required.

All things considered, the driving method is the quickest and surest way of teaching the horse to leap. When he has become somewhat proficient, having thoroughly learned what is required of him, the saddle may be called into requisition and the practical lessons begun.

Almost any young horse can be taught to leap. Of course, his proficiency will depend on the care bestowed on his training and on his general characteristics of wind, limb and nerve. An ordinary cob or Morgan will attain the proficiency of an Irish hunter, but any horse that is used for a saddler will be of far greater value to his owner if he can be taken occasionally for a cross country ride and put over ditches and low obstructions.

Ethics and Morality.

If a woman's husband has been silly enough to take more wine than is good for him, morality would lead her to send him to bed. Ethics would lead her to send him to Coventry. And ethology would probably lead her to send him to a penal settlement for inebriates.

If a man's wife throws a teapot at him (as happened recently in the aristocratic neighborhood in which I live), morality would lead him to go out of the house for an hour or so and give her nerves a chance. Ethics would probably induce him to go out of the town and write to her from a garden city that their temperaments were incompatible. What ethology would make him do I hardly dare to think.—Chesterton in Illustrated London News.

More Accurate.

The pastor and his wife had called upon a member of the congregation, a widow with a small but exceedingly lively boy, and were on their way home. "Well," said the preacher, "she seems to be a very intelligent woman anyhow."

"Yes."

"And very positive in expressing her opinions."

"On the contrary," said his wife, "she struck me as being strongly negative."

"Negative? How?"

"Everything she said to her little boy began with a 'Don't, Johnny!'"—Exchange.

Sympathy of the Flowers.

More or less credence is still given in England to the old belief in the sympathy of the vegetable kingdom for human suffering. "I prayed all night," writes a gardener whose employer was very sick, "and the flowers on my window sill drooped, and I said to myself they were dead. But toward morning they picked up, and I was sure enough the master was better. And the same thing had happened to the flowers I had sent to his bedroom. They were dying, and they came to life again. And I knew when those flowers picked up that the master was better."

The Pins.

"Oh, dear!" sighed her husband's wife, "I can't find a pin anywhere. I wonder where all the pins go to anyway?"

"That's a difficult question to answer," replied his wife's husband, "because they are always pointed in one direction and headed in another."—Chicago News.

Painter's Colic.

Mamma—What's the matter with Fido? Tommy—Oh, I was playing with my soldiers and he came in and insisted upon licking the whole army.—Yonkers Statesman.

Take a rest. A field that has rested gives a beautiful crop.—Ovid.

THERE WAS NO ACCIDENT.

And the Message She Received Was Not a Practical Joke.

She was reclining in a low chair in the drawing room, thinking about her dear Willie, who had been legally her property for the space of three months, when a telegram arrived for her. Hurriedly tearing open the envelope, she scanned the contents, then fell back in a swoon. The message was from her brother in the city and read:

Will run over today GEORGE.

Her maid at last restored her to consciousness. Her Willie run over! She could not grasp the full significance of it. One thing she would do—go to him at once. So she hastily attired herself and at length reached her brother's office, who, having sent the news, would be able to tell her all about it.

"How is he, and where have they taken him?"

Her brother stared at her stupidly.

"Oh, don't keep me in suspense! Tell me where he is."

"Where who is?"

"Why, Willie."

"At his office, I presume. I haven't seen him today."

"Then what does this mean? Isn't he run over? Is this one of your silly jokes?"

George took the telegram from his sister, read his own message, then exploded with laughter. It was a long time before he could convince her that this simple intimation that he would run over and pay her a visit was not a detestable and practical joke.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Talker.

You'll note the man who talks too much is always working round. He never seems to hold the job which some one else has found for him because he's bound to keep his tongue upon the wag and spend his boss' precious time in self-banquets and brag. He stays until his story's told and then told once again, and by this time the boss' ear is overfull of pain, and he is told to take his grip, although the boss feels sad, because he's lost his other grip upon the job he had. And yet he never, never learns, but talks his jobs away, because the habit's grown on him that he must have his say. And so he talks until he dies, up to his waning breath; he's talked his chances all away and talked himself to death.—Boston Herald.

Confessions.

The woman begged the bachelor girl not to go yet awhile. She was so urgent that the girl finally sat down again. Then the two sat perfectly still and silently looking at each other.

"I know what you are thinking," said the bachelor girl by and by.

"What?" asked the woman.

"That, now you've got me to stay, you wonder why it was you insisted so. You don't know what to do with me or to say to me now I'm here to stay."

"How did you guess it?" the woman laughed.

"I've felt just that way myself," said the bachelor girl, "many and many a time."—New York Press.

A Bad Hole to Get Into.

A gentleman was going round a strange golf course with a local caddie, and after playing part of the way he pointed to a rather high wall and inquired, "Is there a hole over there?"

"Yes, sir," replied the caddie solemnly; "there's the cemetery over there. Don't put yourself into a hole there if you can help it."—London Scraps.

His Transformation.

Little Harold, aged six, felt very proud when he donned his first pair of trousers. Taking his three-year-old brother behind the door, he was overheard to say: "Willie, Willie, do you remember me?"—Delineator.

The First Envelopes.

The first use of envelopes was in 1847. The first envelope ever made is in the British museum.

Earthquakes and Bridges.

The damage to bridges by earthquakes is due generally to the banks of valleys being drawn together, according to W. H. Hobbs, whose conclusions are based on a study of earthquakes in the United States, India and Japan extending back to 1886.

The Gift of Gab.

To "have the gift of gab" means the gift of the use of the mouth, "gab" being the Scotch word for mouth.

Hawkeye.

Iowa almost from the date of its admission has been called the Hawkeye State. Hawkeye was the name of a noted Indian chief who in the early days caused no little trouble along the western border of American civilization.

Worshiping a Turtle.

At a place called Kotron, on the French Ivory Coast, the natives believe that to eat or destroy a turtle would mean death to the guilty one or sickness among the family. The fetich men, of which there are plenty, declare that years ago a man went to sea fishing. In the night his canoe was thrown upon the beach empty. Three days afterward a turtle came ashore at the same place with the man on its back alive and well. Since that time they have never eaten or destroyed one of that species, although they enjoy other species.

If one happens now to be washed ashore there is a great commotion in the town. First the women sit down and start singing and beating sticks; next a small piece of white cloth (color must be white) is placed on the turtle's back. Food is then prepared and placed on the cloth, generally plantains, rice and palm oil. Then, amid a lot more singing, dancing and antics of the fetich people, it is carried back into the sea and goes on its way rejoicing.

Too Much Expense.

"Yes," said Mr. Tyte-Phist, "I was just stepping on the car when the conductor gave the motorman the signal to go ahead, and the car started. My foot went out from under me, and I sat down on the muddy crossing, ruining a twenty-two dollar suit of clothes."

"Then you sat there, swore like a trooper and gnashed your teeth in rage, I suppose," remarked the sympathizing listener.

"No," said Mr. Tyte-Phist. "I may have sworn a little, but I didn't do any gnashing. My teeth are new and cost me $30."—Chicago Tribune.

Waked Them Up.

Dr. Hans Richter, the famous conductor, while supervising a rehearsal in a London theater once, was much annoyed at the calm way the players were taking the impassioned music.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," said he, suddenly stopping short, "you're all playing like married men, not like lovers."—Westminster Gazette.

Not His Fault.

Howell—A good deal depends on the formation of early habits. Powell—I know it. When I was a baby my mother hired a woman to wheel me about, and I have been pushed for money ever since.—London [illegible]

On Time.

"Does he ever do anything on time?"

"Oh, yes. He quits work."—Detroit Free Press.

When you sell an article by weight, remember that other people have scales.—Atchison Globe.

The Proper Question.

The man with the glassy eye and preternaturally solemn demeanor put down a sovereign at the booking office at Charing Cross and demanded a ticket. "What station?" snapped the booking clerk. The would be traveler steadied himself. "What stations have you?" he asked, with quiet dignity.—London Globe.

A Criticism.

"He said this skirt of mine was a perfect symphony."

"Maybe, but it's not well conducted."

"What do you mean?"

"It drags."—Cleveland Leader.

The Real Want.

"What we want is a square deal."

"Oh, we'll compromise on that in a pinch. What we really want is a shade the best of it."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Insincere.

"Oh, John, don't you wish we could sit here and spoon forever?"

"Yes, dearest. But let's go now. I think I hear the dinner bell!"—Boston Post.

It costs the devil little trouble to catch the lazy man.—German Proverb.

Indefinite Instructions.

Lady (to clerk in clothing store)—I want a pair of trousers for my husband. Clerk — What size, madam? Lady—I don't know the size, but he wears a No. 15 collar.—Smart Set.

The Answer.

"'Widow' and 'window' are very much alike."

"Well, and what's the answer?"

"When I get near either I always look out."

A hypocrite despises those whom he deceives, but has no respect for himself. He would make a dupe of himself, too, if he could.—Hazlitt.

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